

CRIME  
AND  
JUSTICE

# CRIME and JUSTICE

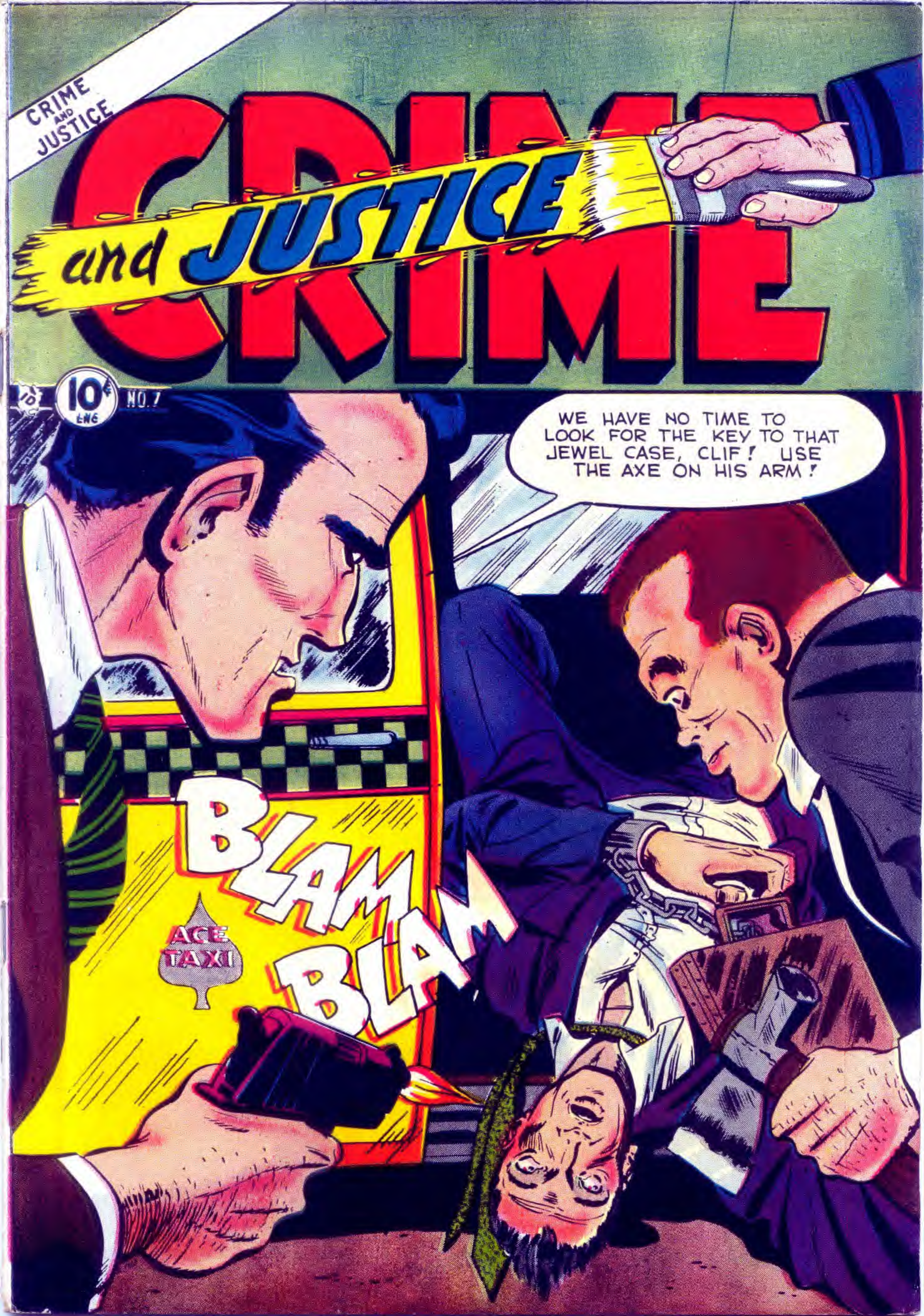
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LWG

NO. 7

WE HAVE NO TIME TO  
LOOK FOR THE KEY TO THAT  
JEWEL CASE, CLIF! USE  
THE AXE ON HIS ARM!

BLAM  
BLAM

ACE  
TAXI





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# TRIALS

DEWIS  
LAUGEN.

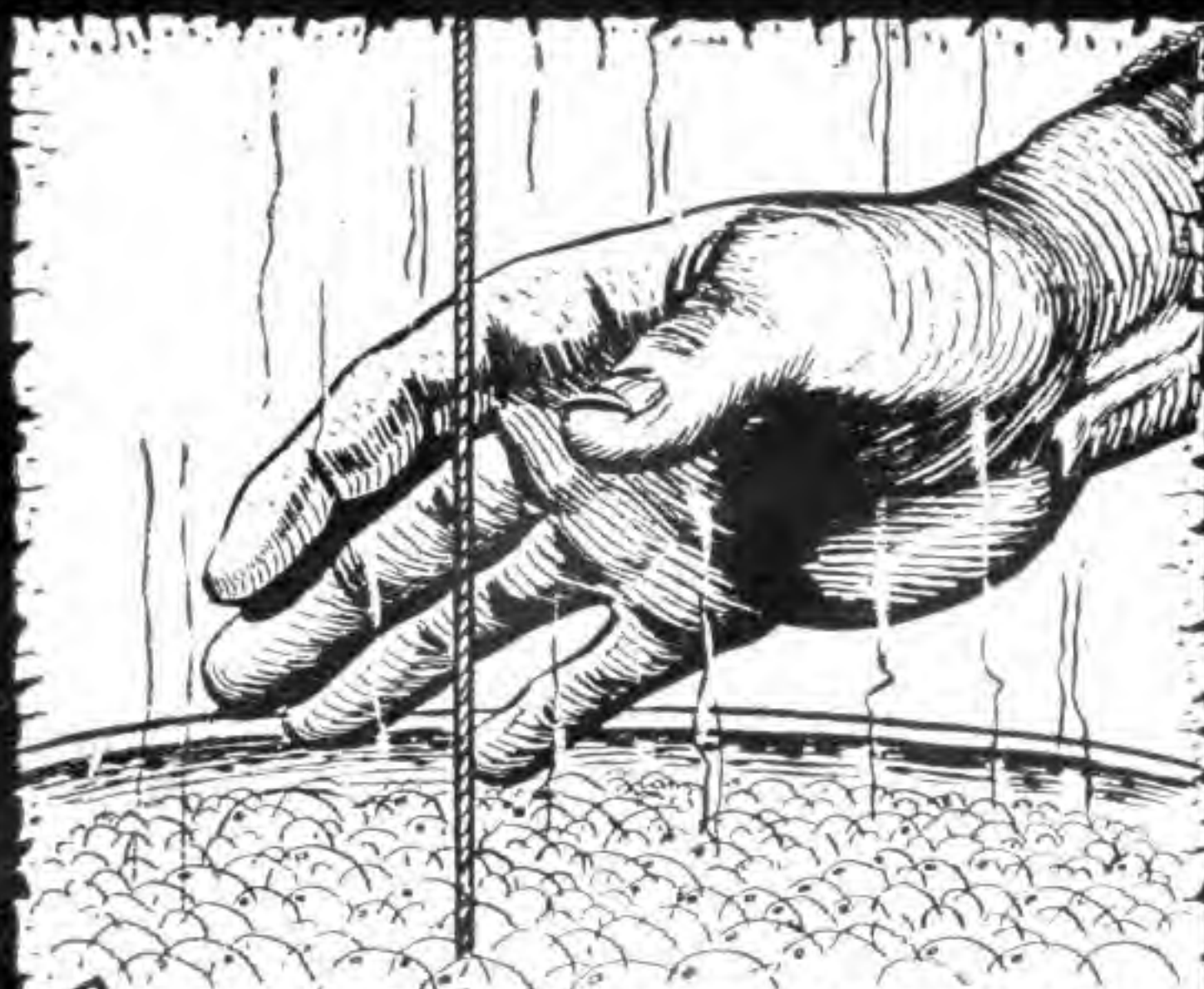
## TYPES OF TRIALS DURING THE 12<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY IN ENGLAND

**A** TYPE OF TRIAL SUPPORTED BY THE PREVAILING BELIEF IN MIRACLES WAS THE ORDEAL... OF WHICH THERE WERE THREE FORMS: ORDEAL BY **COLD WATER**... **BOILING WATER**.. AND **HOT IRON**! ALL THESE FORMS WERE SOLEMNLY CARRIED OUT IN ACCORDANCE WITH AN ELABORATE RITUAL OF FASTING, COMMUNION AND PRAYER WHICH PRECEDED THE TEST ITSELF!

**T**HOSE WHO WERE TRIED BY COLD WATER WERE BOUND WITH THEIR KNEES DRAWN UP TO THE CHEST, HANDS CLASPED IN FRONT.. THE ROPE WAS FASTENED ABOUT THEM AND A KNOT MADE ABOVE THE HEAD AT A DISTANCE EQUAL TO THE LENGTH OF THE HAIR.. THE ACCUSED WERE LET GENTLY DOWN INTO THE WATER.. IF THEY WENT DOWN TO THE DEPTH OF THE KNOT, THEY WERE DRAWN UP AND FREED.. IF THE WATER REJECTED THEM AND THEY FLOATED- THEY WERE GUILTY!



**I**N THE ORDEAL BY RED-HOT IRON- ACCUSED PERSONS WERE REQUIRED TO CARRY A GLOWING ROD OF IRON A DISTANCE OF NINE FEET. THREE NIGHTS AFTER THE WOUND WAS EXAMINED... IF IT WAS CLEAN, THE DEFENDANTS WERE INNOCENT... IF INFECTED, THEY WERE GUILTY!



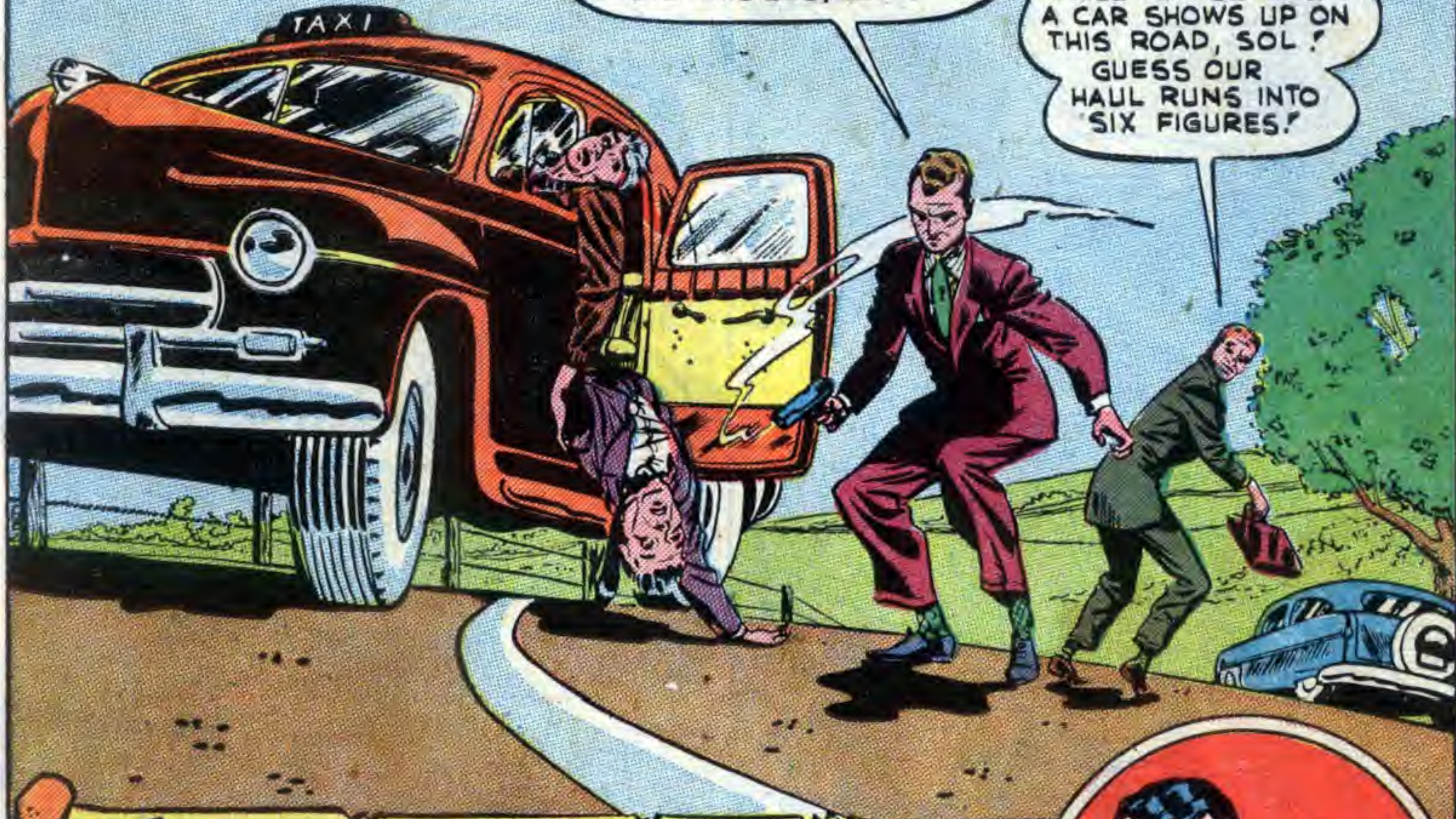
**S**OMEWHAT SIMILAR WAS THE ORDEAL BY HOT WATER. THE ACCUSED WAS REQUIRED TO GRASP A STONE SUSPENDED IN BOILING WATER AT A DEPTH OF ONE PALM.. THE HAND WAS THEN BANDAGED AND EXAMINED THREE DAYS LATER AS IN THE TRIAL BY HOT IRON.



# Death DOES A Double!

DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES. THEY'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO FIGURE OUT WHO DID THIS JOB, CLIF!

WE BETTER PULL OUT BEFORE A CAR SHOWS UP ON THIS ROAD, SOL! GUESS OUR HAUL RUNS INTO SIX FIGURES!



**T**WO COLD BLOODED KILLERS, SOL PACCON AND CLIF HICKEY, HAVE JUST KILLED TWO MEN. ONE IS A TAXI DRIVER AND THE OTHER A JEWELRY SALESMAN. LOOKS LIKE A PERFECT CRIME... ALMOST! THEY FORGOT TO FIGURE ON MR. AND MRS. CHASE.. AMATEUR SLEUTHS WHO DABBLE IN CRIME CASES...



MR. & MRS. CURTIS CHASE

THERE'S AN EMPTY SPACE OUTSIDE OF THAT JEWELRY STORE. JOHN WILL BE PULLING INTO IT WITH HIS CAB. THAT'S THE SIGNAL FOR US TO GET READY!

YOU KNOW, SOL, THIS THREE WAY SPLIT IS GOING TO BE A LOT OF DOUGH FOR ALL OF US!

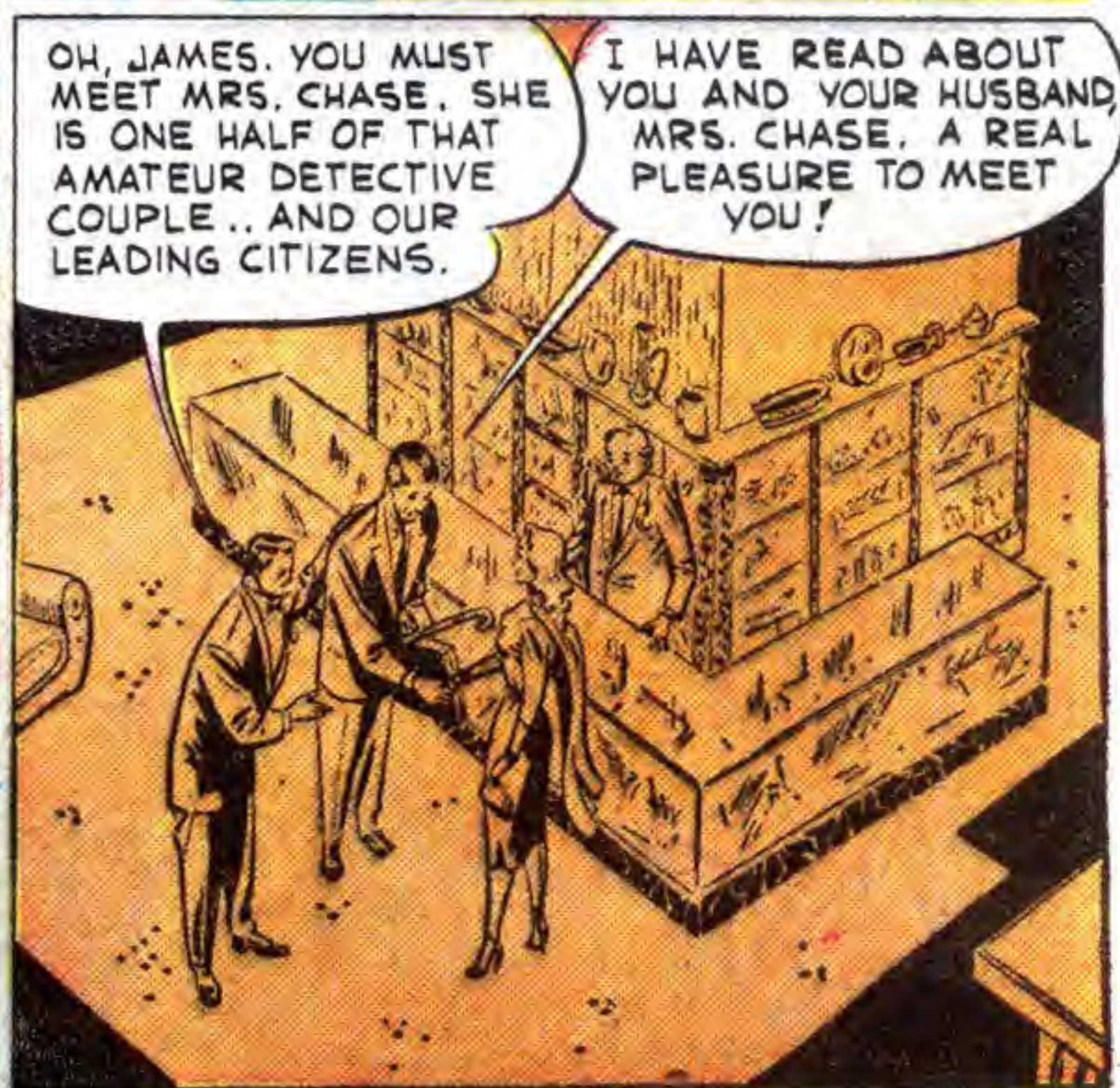
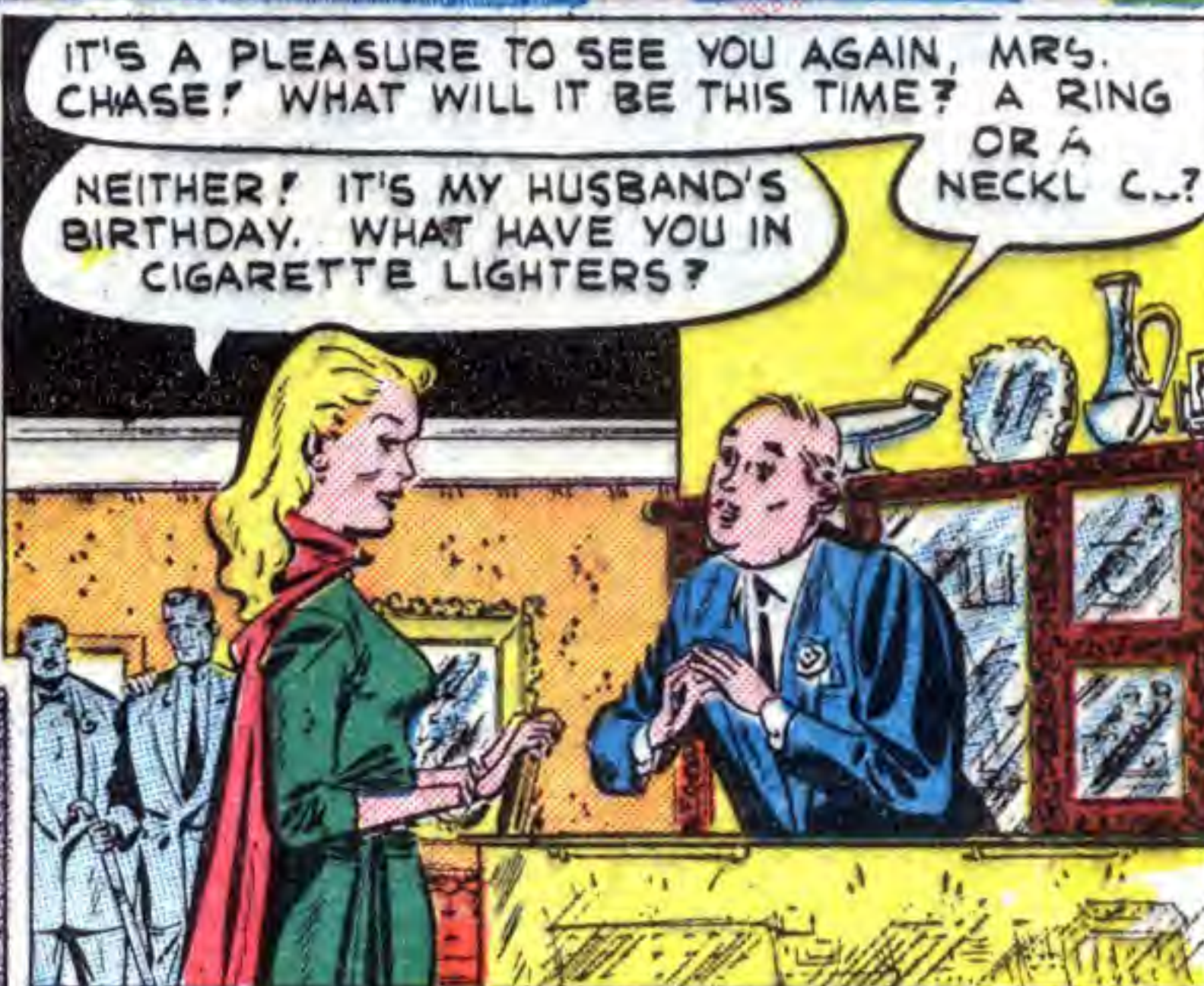


ALMOST THOUGHT JOHN WOULDN'T GET INTO THAT SPACE! TIME FOR US TO GET READY!

WE BETTER GET IN OUR CAR. HE'LL PROBABLY GO NORTH TO THE RAIL-ROAD STATION.



# CRIME AND JUSTICE





# CRIME AND JUSTICE

CAN I GIVE YOU A LIFT, MRS. CHASE? ANY PLACE IN TOWN... MY TRAIN WON'T LEAVE FOR AN HOUR!

THANKS A LOT, BUT I'M JUST GOING AROUND THE CORNER. I'M MEETING MY HUSBAND IN THE COFFEE SHOP.



LITTLE DID MR. KUHN SUSPECT HE HAD A RENDEZ-VOUS WITH DEATH!

TAKE ME TO THE NORTHSIDE RAILROAD STATION. AND YOU DON'T HAVE TO BEAT THE LIGHTS, DRIVER. I'M NOT IN A HURRY!

YES, SIR!



SO FAR, SO PERFECT. FOR A MOMENT I THOUGHT HE WAS GOING TO TAKE THAT DAME WITH HIM!

GUESS LUCK IS ON OUR SIDE. I SORT OF HATE TO KILL DAMES UNLESS IT'S ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY.



NOW I JUST PRESS THE BUTTON AND RELEASE THE GAS... HE FALLS ASLEEP! SOL AND CLIF ARE CLEVER GUYS TO HAVE FIGURED SOME-THING LIKE THIS!



STOP THE CAB! I... I CAN'T SEE... CAN'T... BREATH! SOMETHING'S... WRONG... HELP...

THAT GAS IS DOING THE TRICK! AND I DON'T EVEN GET A WHIFF OF IT!



THIS IS WORKING OUT PERFECT! AHH... HERE COMES SOL AND CLIF, IN TEN MINUTES THIS'LL BE ALL OVER!





# CRIME AND JUSTICE

I'M A BIT WORRIED, CLIF. THAT DAME MIGHT HAVE SEEN JOHN.. THEN SHE COULD IDENTIFY HIM! WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!

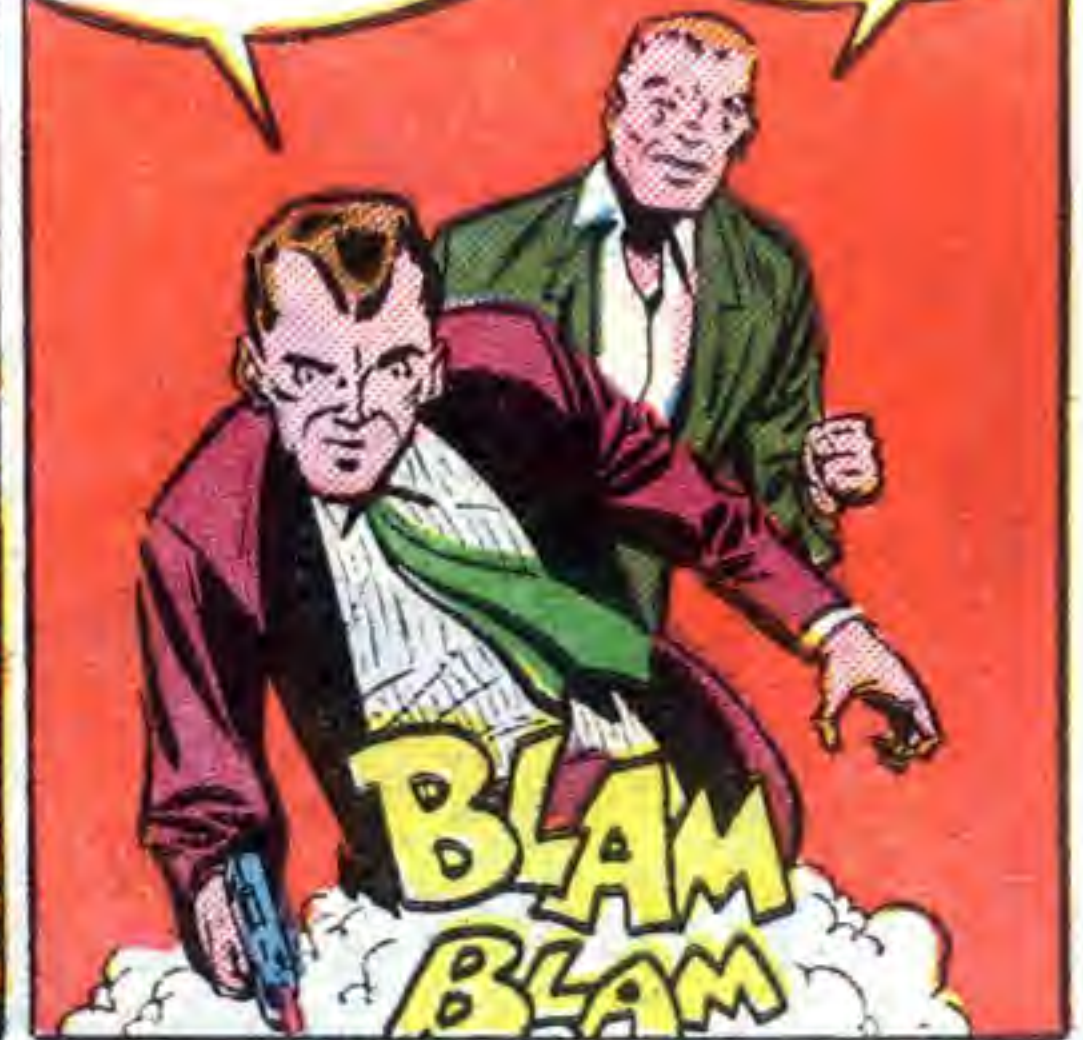
SOLUTION IS SIMPLE.. WE JUST RUB JOHN RIGHT OUT OF THE PICTURE. NEVER LIKED THAT GUY, ANYWAY. AND THAT MEANS ONLY A TWO WAY SPLIT!

NOTHING WENT WRONG, DID IT, SOL? HE'S SNOOZIN' LIKE A BABY.. DEAD TO THE WORLD!

YEAH.. BUT WHAT BOTHERS ME IS THAT DAME THAT SAW YOU! SHE COULD PICK YOUR MUG OUT FROM A THOUSAND!

REMARKABLE HOW A 45 SLUG CAN STRAIGHTEN THINGS OUT! HE'S NOT GOING TO TALK IN THIS WORLD!

NOW IT'S A PERFECT JOB. THEY CAN NEVER CONNECT JOHN TO EITHER OF US!



THERE'S A FORTUNE RIGHT THERE IN THAT CASE. WE'VE GOT TO WORK QUICKLY!

IF WE HAD A KEY WE COULD UNLOCK THAT HANDCUFF! SHOOT THE LOCK OFF THIS DOOR, SOL!

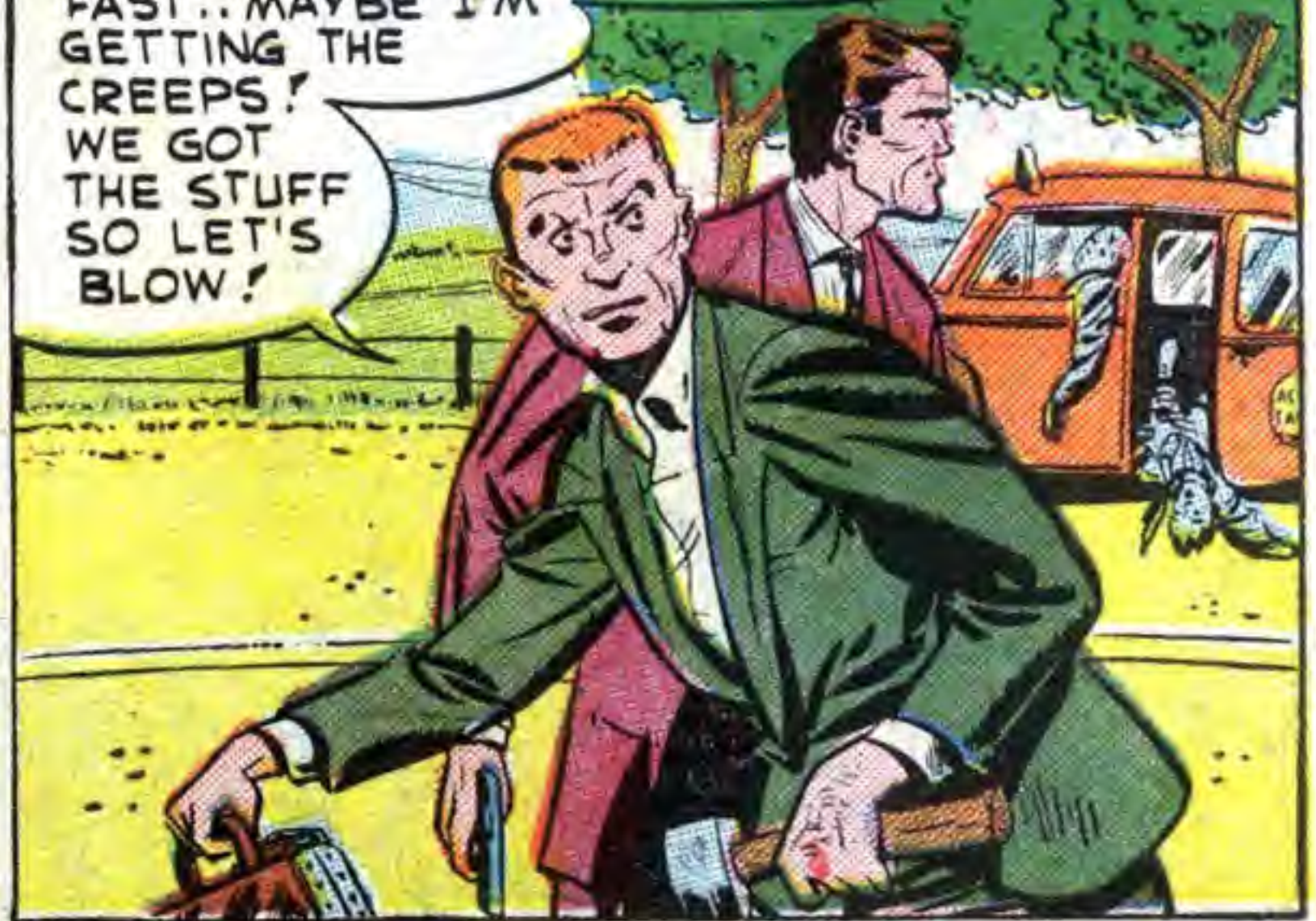
DEAD PIGEONS CAN'T TALK!

DEATH DOES A DOUBLE! I BET NEITHER OF THEM EXPECTED TO PULL OUT TODAY!

BLAM BLAM



COULDN'T FIND THE KEY. LUCKY WE HAD THAT AXE IN THE TOOL BOX. WE BETTER GET OUT OF HERE FAST.. MAYBE I'M GETTING THE CREEPS! WE GOT THE STUFF SO LET'S BLOW!





# CRIME AND JUSTICE

WE BETTER DRIVE DIRECTLY TO JOE GROSS' PLACE SEE HOW MUCH THAT FENCE WILL GIVE US FOR THIS STUFF.

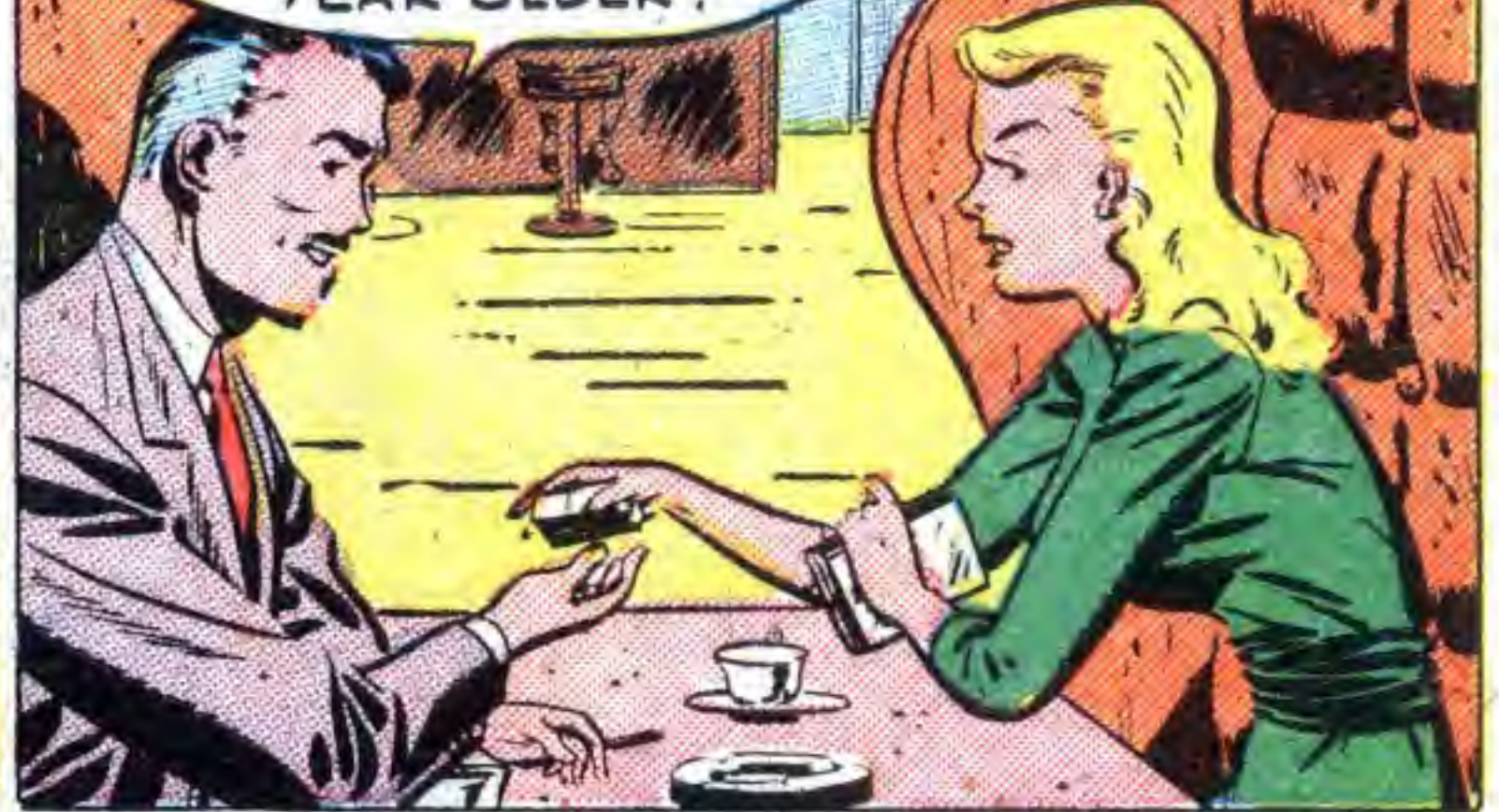
SOME SPARKLERS! YOU'D THINK A GUY WOULD HAVE A BODY-GUARD WHEN HE CARRIES THAT STUFF... HE DIDN'T EVEN PACK A GAT!



NOW BACK TO MR. AND MRS. CHASE AT THE COFFEE SHOP...

JUST A LITTLE BIRTHDAY PRESENT FOR MY BETTER HALF. SOMETHING I KNOW YOU WANT, MY DEAR.

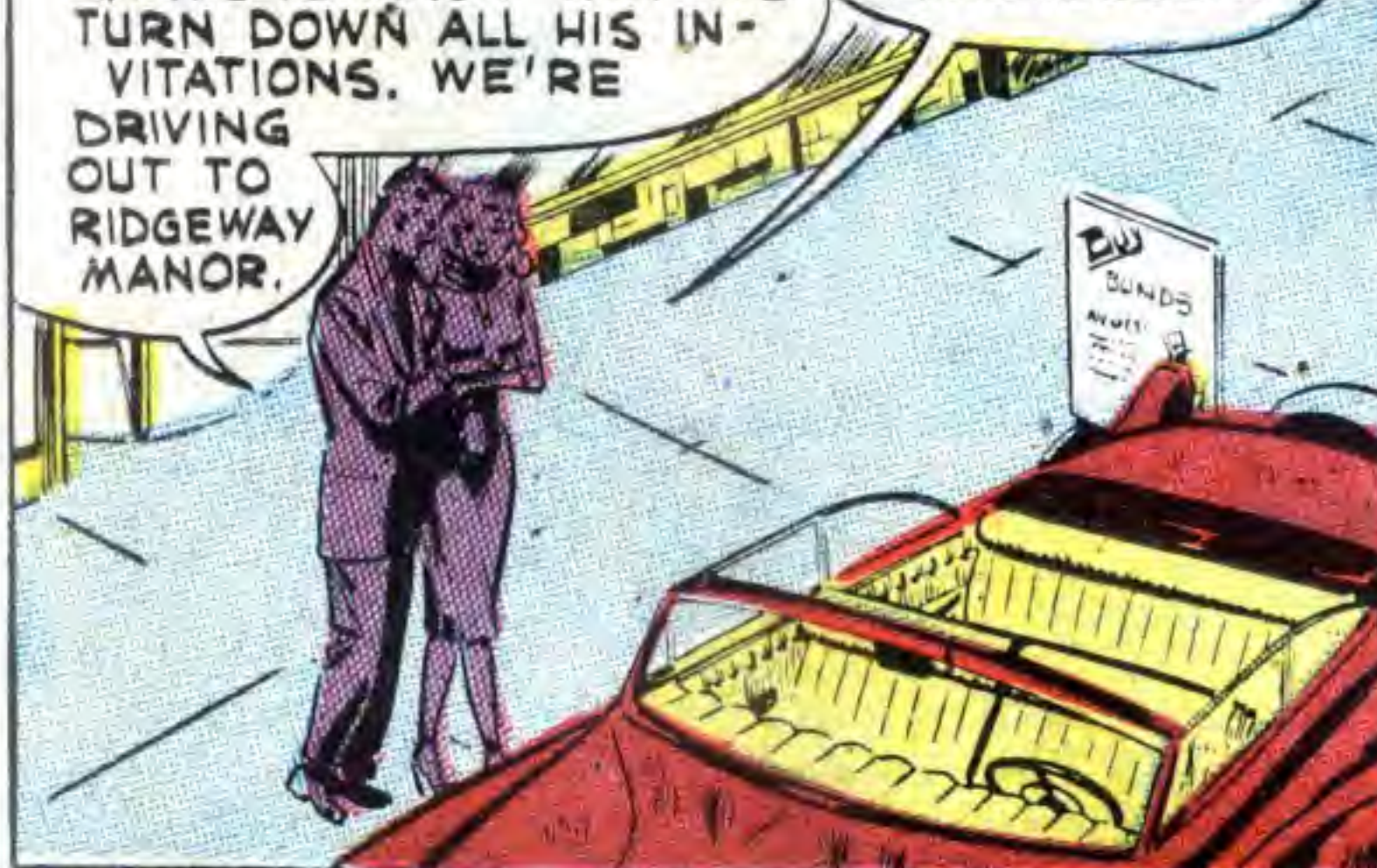
I HAVE NO OBJECTIONS TO RECEIVING BIRTHDAY PRESENTS. WHAT I HATE IS THAT FATHER TIME HAS MADE ME A YEAR OLDER!



JUST WHERE ARE WE GOING, CURTIS?

VAN CLEFF CALLED AGAIN. WANTS TO KNOW WHY WE TURN DOWN ALL HIS INVITATIONS. WE'RE DRIVING OUT TO RIDGEWAY MANOR.

I HAD TO BREAK A DATE WITH THE HAIRDRESSER.



CALLING CAPTAIN HAAS OF HOMICIDE. DOUBLE MURDER ON ROUTE 16 NEAR BLENTON CROSSING.. THAT IS ALL!

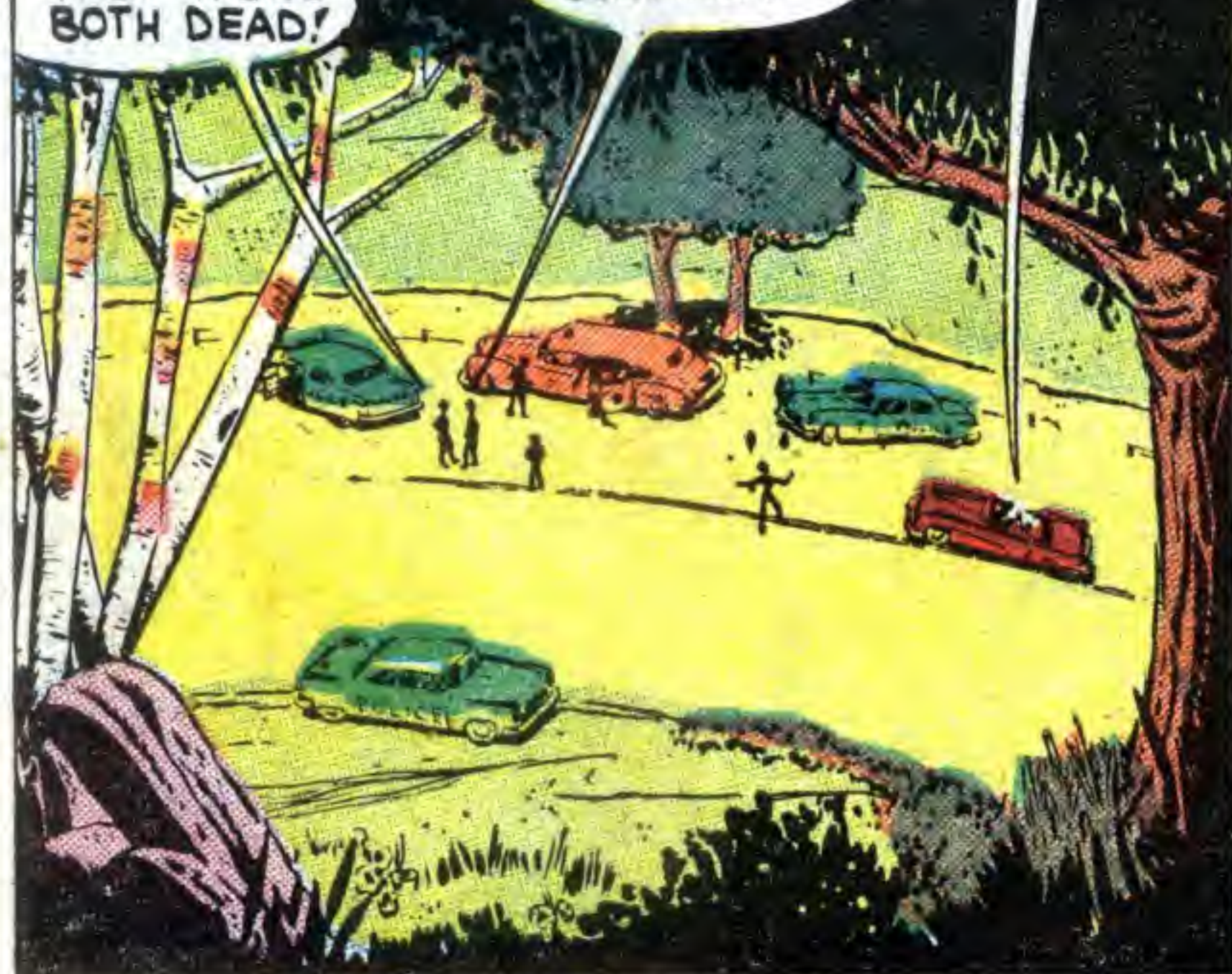
ROUTE 16?! THAT'S THE SHORT-CUT TO RIDGEWAY MANOR! THAT ROAD ISN'T USED VERY MUCH SINCE THEY BUILT THE NEW HIGHWAY! WHAT DO YOU SAY WE JUST POKE OUR NOSE INTO THIS?



WE THOUGHT IT BEST NOT TO DISTURB ANYTHING UNTIL YOU ARRIVED, CAPTAIN HAAS. WE COULD SEE THEY WERE BOTH DEAD!

LOOKS AS THOUGH NEITHER OF THEM HAD A CHANCE! WHAT A BRUTAL SLAYING!

THIS MUST BE IT, MERRY.



WE HEARD THE CALL COME IN OVER OUR CAR RADIO. WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO VISIT SOME FRIENDS.. BUT CAN WE BE OF ANY HELP?

THE ONLY WAY YOU COULD HELP ME IS TO HELP CAPTURE WHOEVER DID THIS, MR. CHASE. THAT'S ABOUT THE ONLY ANSWER I CAN THINK OF RIGHT NOW!





# CRIME AND JUSTICE

YOU BETTER NOT LOOK, MRS. CHASE! NOT A PLEASANT SIGHT TO SEE. THEY CUT HIS HAND

OH! B-BUT.. BUT I KNOW HIM! HE'S THE JEWELRY SALESMAN I MET AT THE TOCE JEWELRY STORE THIS MORNING!

OFF AT THE WRIST!

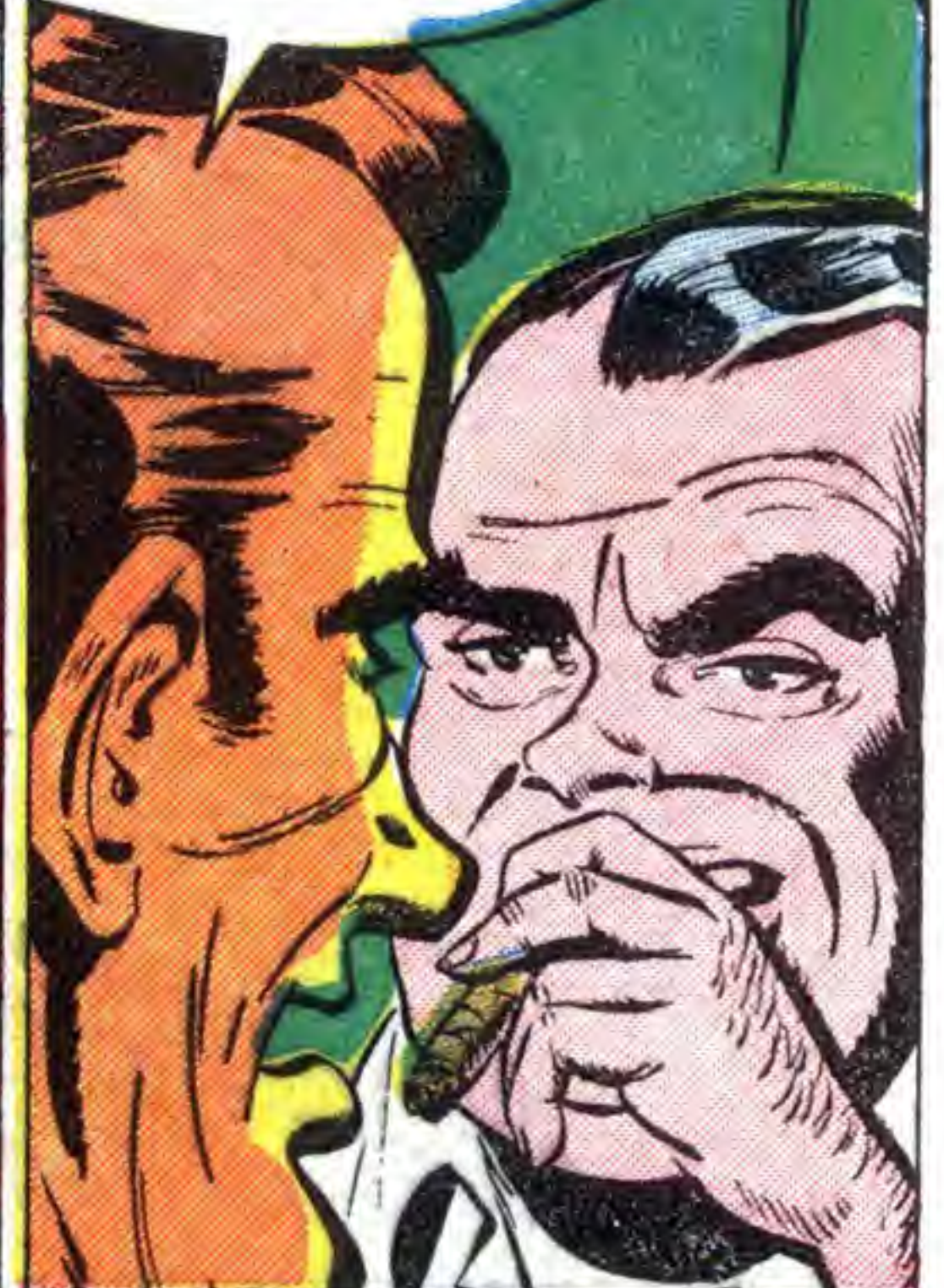
**M**EANWHILE...

CLIF AND I FIGURED YOU'D GIVE US A GOOD BREAK ON THIS STUFF! MUST BE WORTH OVER A HUNDRED GRAND!

TAKE IT EASY, SOL. SOON AS I EXAMINE THIS STUFF I'LL TELL YOU HOW MUCH IT'S WORTH. I GOT SOMEONE IN THE MARKET FOR DIAMONDS.

WHAT ARE YOU JOKERS TRYIN' PULL? THIS STUFF IS ALL PASTE! AIN'T EVEN WORTH TEN BUCKS!

**WHAT?** IT CAN'T BE! I TOOK IT OUT OF HIS BAG! IF THIS IS FAKE, WHERE'S THE REAL STUFF?



HE MUST HAVE HIDDEN THE REAL DIAMONDS SOME PLACE ELSE! IF WE...WAIT A SECOND.. THAT CANE! SO THICK.. THE REAL STUFF MUST BE INSIDE!

WE BETTER GO HOME... WASH THE COBWEBS OUT OF OUR BRAINS! BUT NOW HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET THAT CANE? IF THE POLICE HAVE IT THEN WE'RE STUCK!

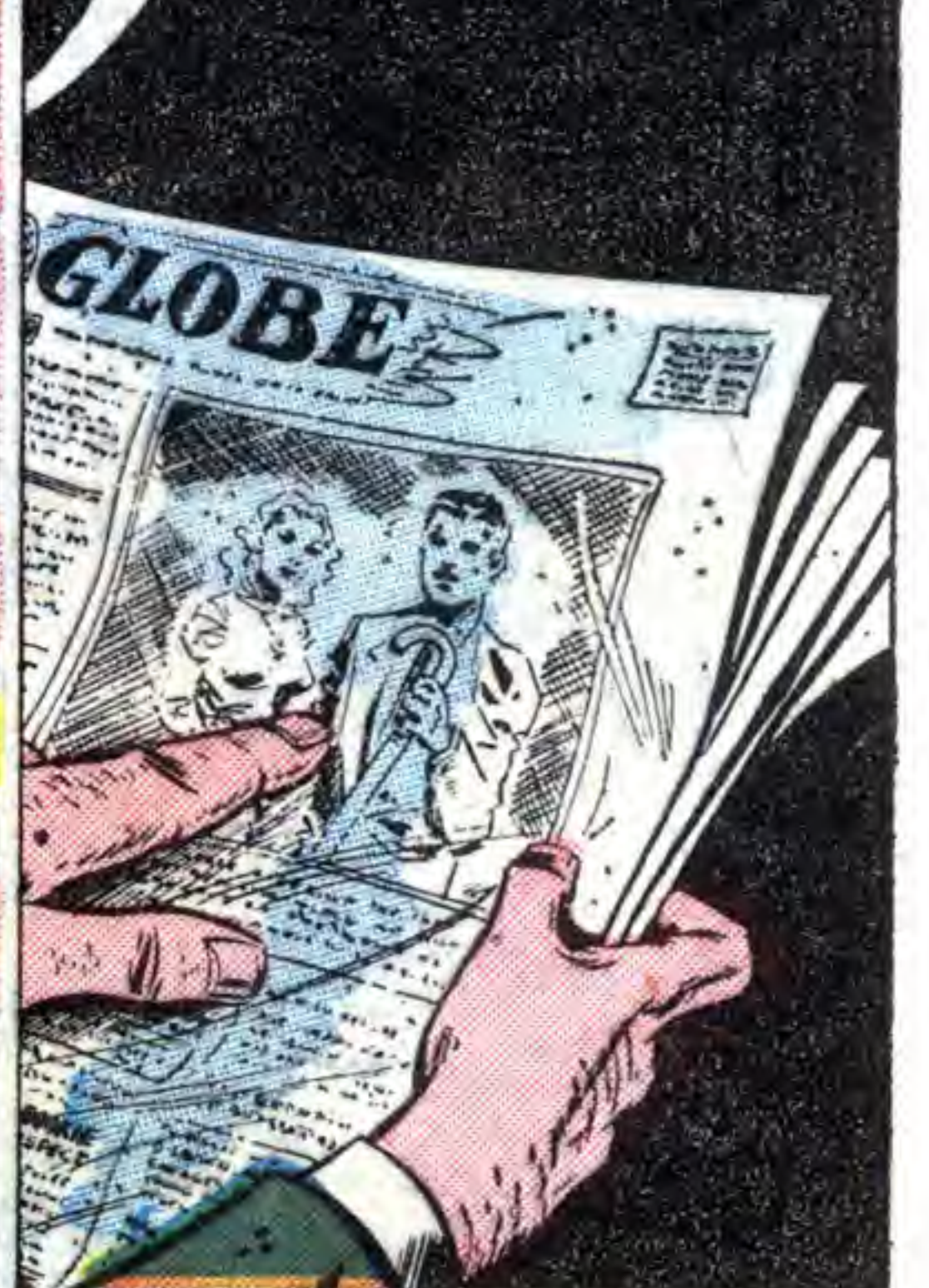
**B**ACK IN THEIR HOTEL ROOM...

WE'LL SEE WHAT THE PAPERS HAVE TO SAY ABOUT THE MURDER. NOW WE GOT TWO WORRIES ON OUR HEADS!

YEAH! NOT TO GET CAUGHT.. AND TO GET SOME DOUGH OUT OF THIS JOB!

LOOK! THAT'S THE CANE THE JEWELRY SALESMAN HAD. IF THE CHASES HAVE IT, THEN THERE IS ONLY ONE THING FOR US TO DO!

I GET YOU, SOL. WE BETTER PAY THEM A FAST VISIT!





# CRIME AND JUSTICE

AT THE CHASE APARTMENT...

I DON'T THINK IT WAS NICE OF YOU TO TELL CAPTAIN HAAS IT WAS YOUR BIRTHDAY SO THAT HE WOULD GIVE YOU THE CANE HE FOUND ON THE SIDE OF THE ROAD!

NOW, MERRY, YOU'LL HAVE TO ADMIT I LOOK LIKE A MAN OF THE WORLD WITH THIS CANE



WE HAVE VISITORS, DEAR. I HEAR YON BELL RING FORTH AN ARRIVAL. ANSWER IT, MY LOVE.

AHH, IN YE DAYS OF OLD THE WOMAN DID THESE THINGS. BUT NOW WITH EQUAL RIGHTS I MUST ANSWER THE DOOR!



IF YOU FOLKS SHUT UP AND MAKE NO NOISE THERE'LL BE NO TROUBLE.. OTHERWISE, I MAY HAVE TO USE THIS HEATER!

ALL WE WANT IS THAT CANE YOU HAD!

YOU COULD HAVE BOUGHT ONE IN A STORE!

HEY! THERE IT IS.. ON THE COUCH!

THERE'S A DIAMOND ON THE CARPET. I'M CERTAIN YOU'D BE INTERESTED IN THAT ITEM.

DON'T TRY THAT CORN ON ME, MR. CHASE. I KNOW ALL ABOUT YOUR REPUTATION! IF YOU WANT TO STAY ALIVE DON'T PLAY BOY DE-TECTIVE WITH ME!



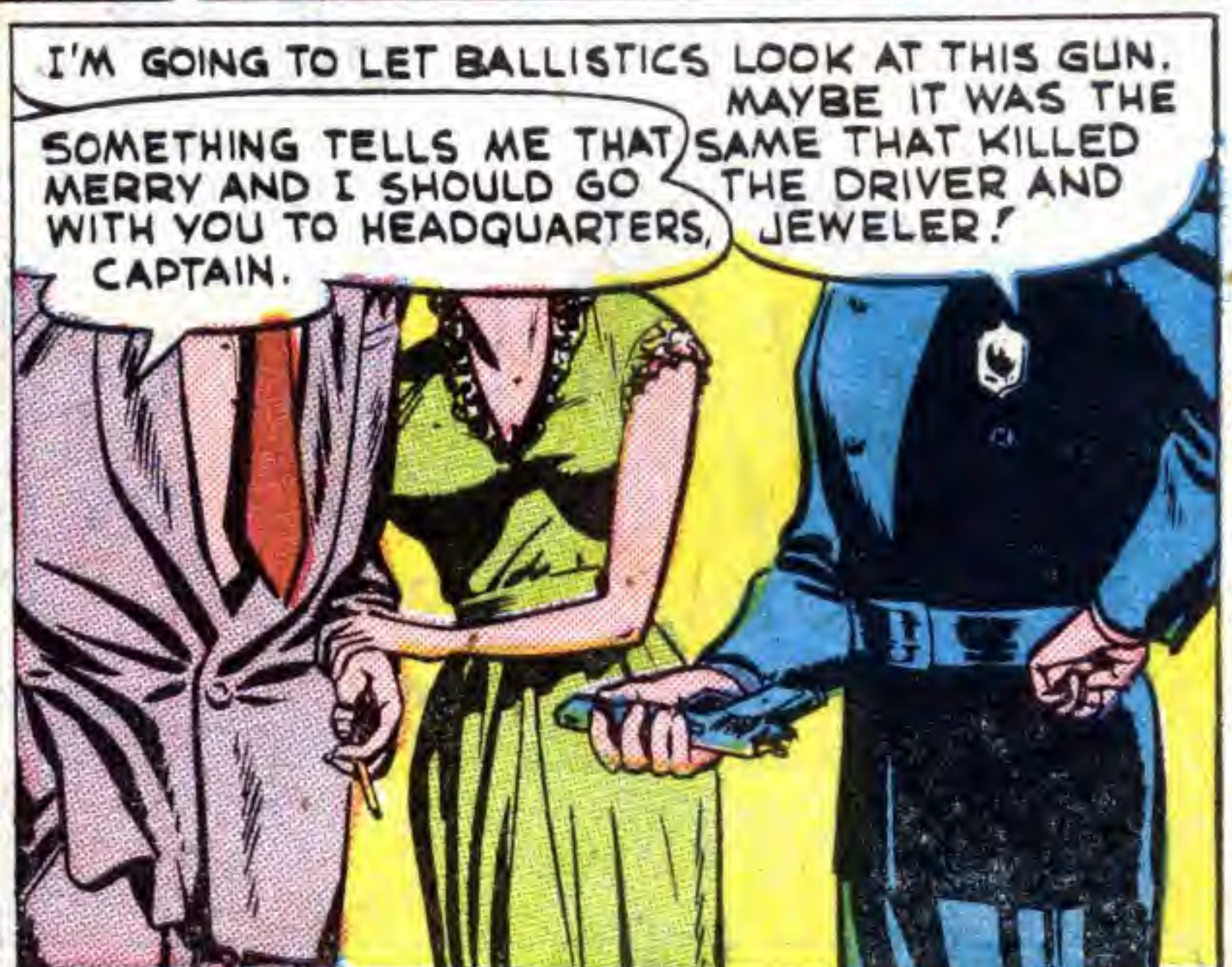
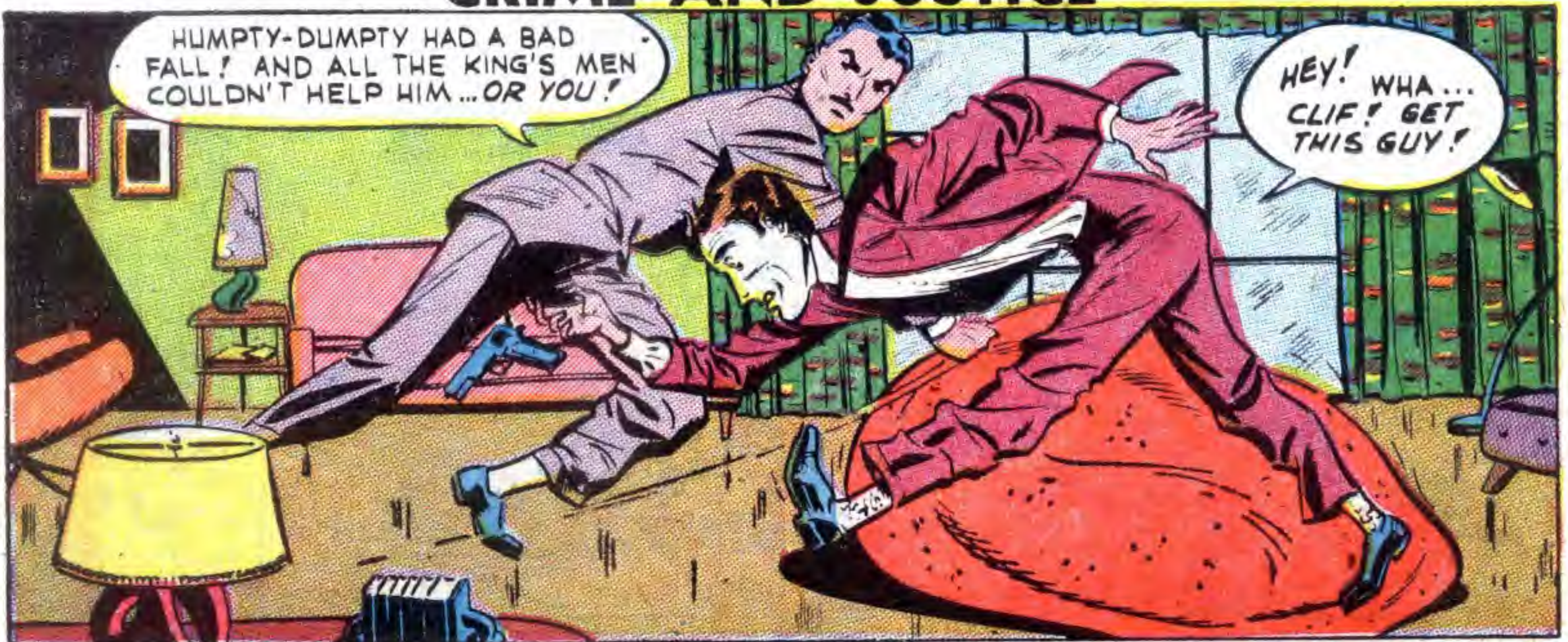
THINK YOU'RE SMART, DON'T YOU? WANT ME TO BEND DOWN! OKAY.. YOU PICK IT UP!

GOT TO DO THIS FAST! THIS KILL-CRAZY GUY MEANS BUSINESS!





# CRIME AND JUSTICE





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THE MARKINGS ON BOTH BULLETS ARE THE SAME. THIS IS THE MURDER WEAPON, ALL RIGHT. BUT WHY DID THEY WANT THAT CANE?

THEY'LL TALK ONCE I SHOW THEM THE EVIDENCE!



THERE MUST BE SOMETHING THEY WANT INSIDE THIS CANE. IF THEY GOT THE JEWELS, THE CANE WOULDN'T BE IMPORTANT!

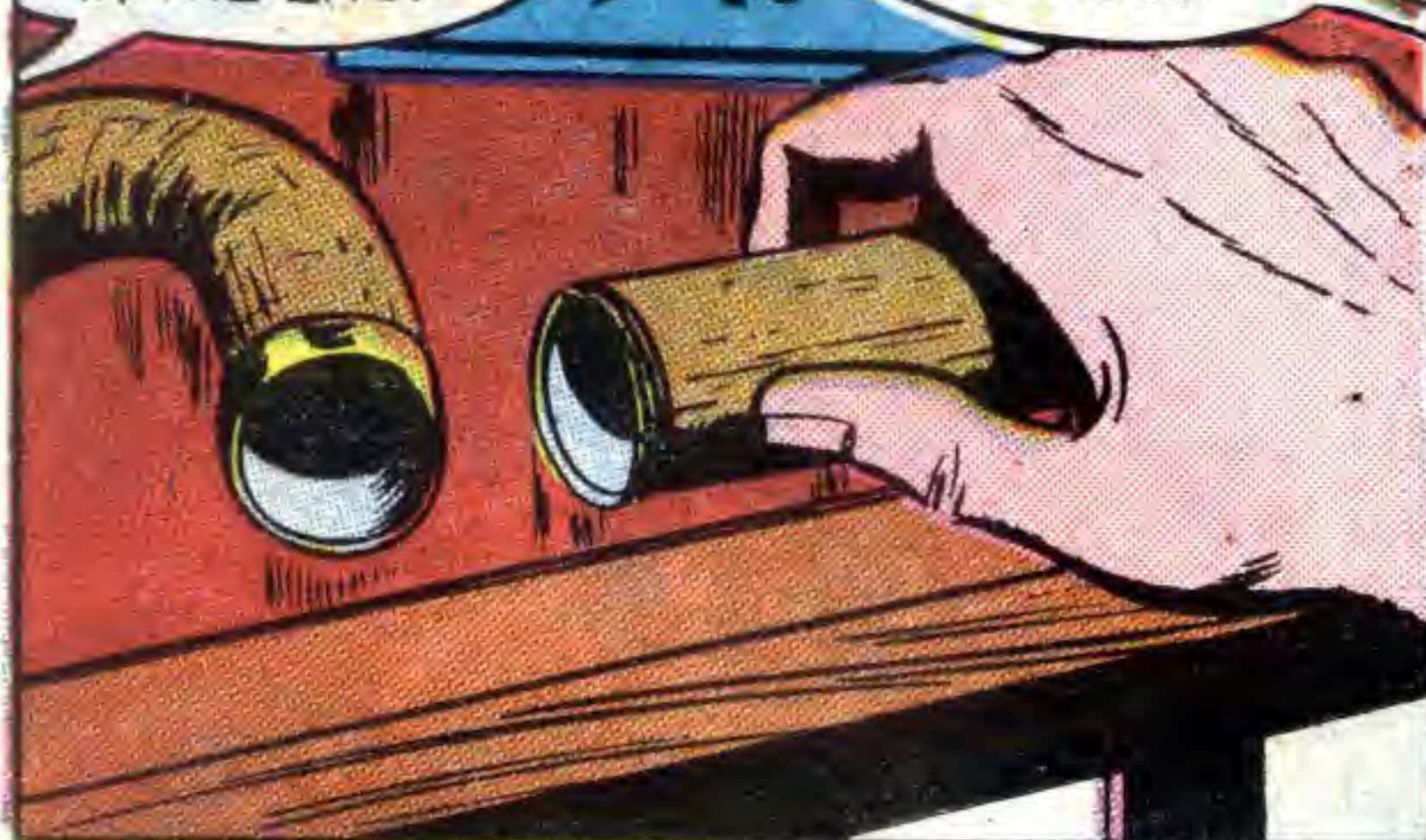
PARDON ME, BUT I'M JUST LIKE PANDORA AND HER BOX. OPEN IT UP AND LET'S SEE WHAT'S INSIDE!



AND WHEN THE CANE WAS OPENED...

EMPTY! THIS DOESN'T MAKE SENSE, CAPTAIN! KUHNS KEPT THE REAL DIAMONDS IN HERE AND THE FAKE ONES IN THE BAG!

THAT'S WHAT HIS OFFICE WIRED US. BUT THEN WHO HAS THE REAL DIAMONDS? NOW WE'VE GOT ANOTHER MYSTERY TO SOLVE, MR. CHASE!



I HAVE AN IDEA! LET'S GO TO THE JEWELRY STORE. THAT'S WHERE I MET MR. KUHN.

HMM... SOMETHING'S BREWING INSIDE THAT PRETTY LITTLE HEAD. ALL RIGHT, LET'S GO.



I LEFT WORD NOT TO DISTURB ME. WELL...WHAT IS IT YOU WANT? I AM A VERY BUSY MAN.

NOT TOO BUSY TO LISTEN TO ME...AND WHAT I HAVE TO SAY IS VERY IMPORTANT!

I WOULD LIKE TO SEE MR. TOCE. IS HE IN HIS PRIVATE OFFICE?

HE SAID HE DIDN'T WANT TO BE DISTURBED. IF IT'S ABOUT THE PRESENT YOU BOUGHT, WE CAN EXCHANGE IT FOR YOU.





# CRIME AND JUSTICE



SEEMS TO ME YOU WOULD BE UPSET ABOUT WHAT TERRIBLE WASN'T IT? HOW COULD ANYONE BE SO CRUEL AS TO CUT OFF HIS HAND TO GET THE BAG?

WHAT HAPPENED TO POOR MR. KUHN?



NOT A WORD WAS SAID IN THE PAPERS ABOUT HIS HAND BEING CUT OFF? THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY YOU COULD HAVE KNOWN...

YOU FOOLS! WHY DON'T YOU MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS!



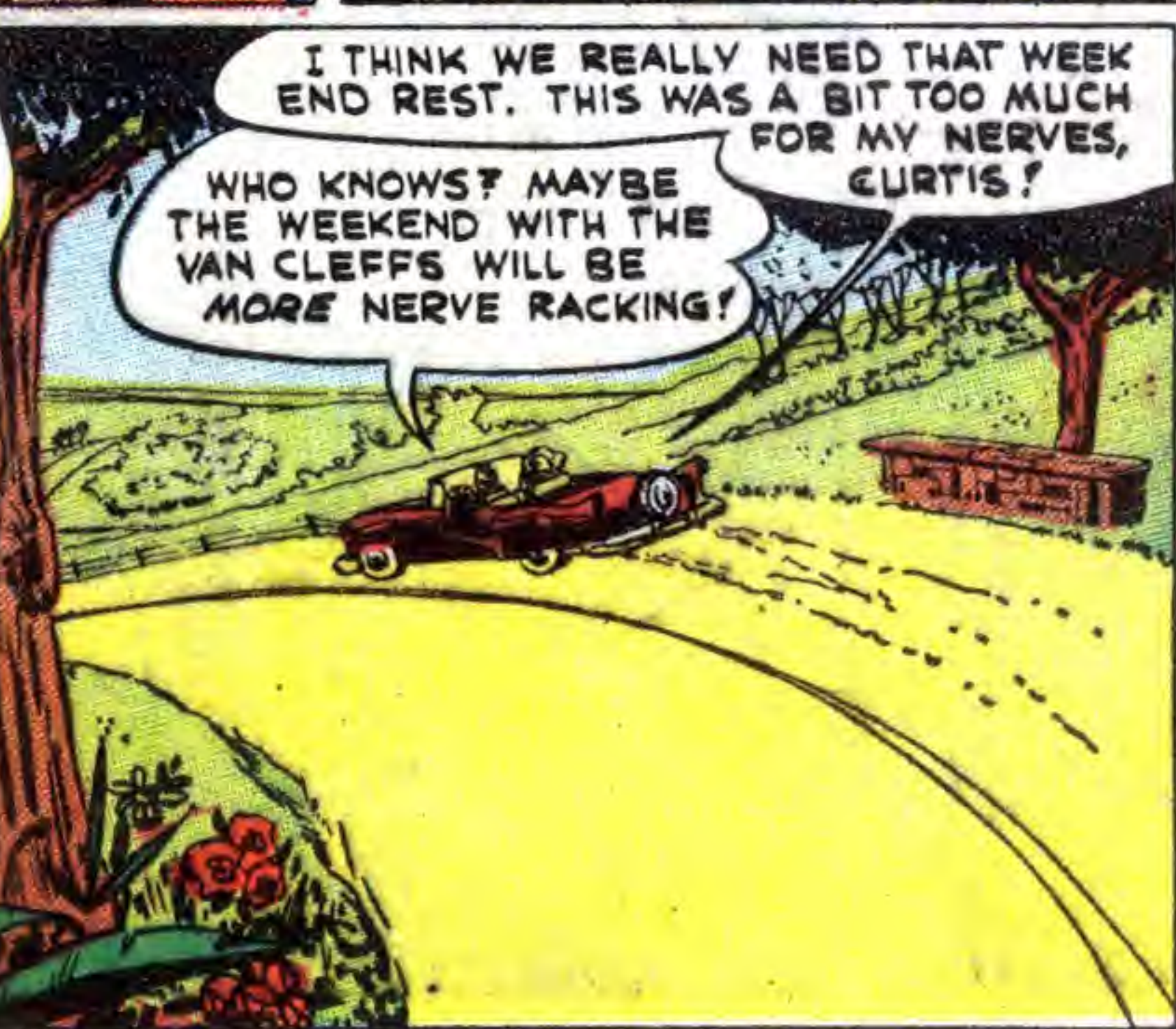
I'LL FIX BOTH OF YOU FOR BUTTING INTO THIS AFFAIR! THIS ROOM IS SOUNDPROOF...

DON'T COUNT YOUR CORPSES BEFORE YOU KILL THEM, TOCE!



LATER... WELL, TOCE CONFESSED AND SO DID SOL. TOCE PUT THEM UP TO THE ROBBERY. HE THEN FOLLOWED SOL AND CLIF. AFTER THEY LEFT THE SCENE, HE REMOVED THE REAL JEWELS FROM THE CANE AND THREW THE CANE ON THE SIDE OF THE ROAD WHERE I LATER FOUND IT.

WHAT A DOUBLE-CROSS!



I THINK WE REALLY NEED THAT WEEK END REST. THIS WAS A BIT TOO MUCH FOR MY NERVES, CURTIS!

WHO KNOWS? MAYBE THE WEEKEND WITH THE VAN CLEFFS WILL BE MORE NERVE RACKING!

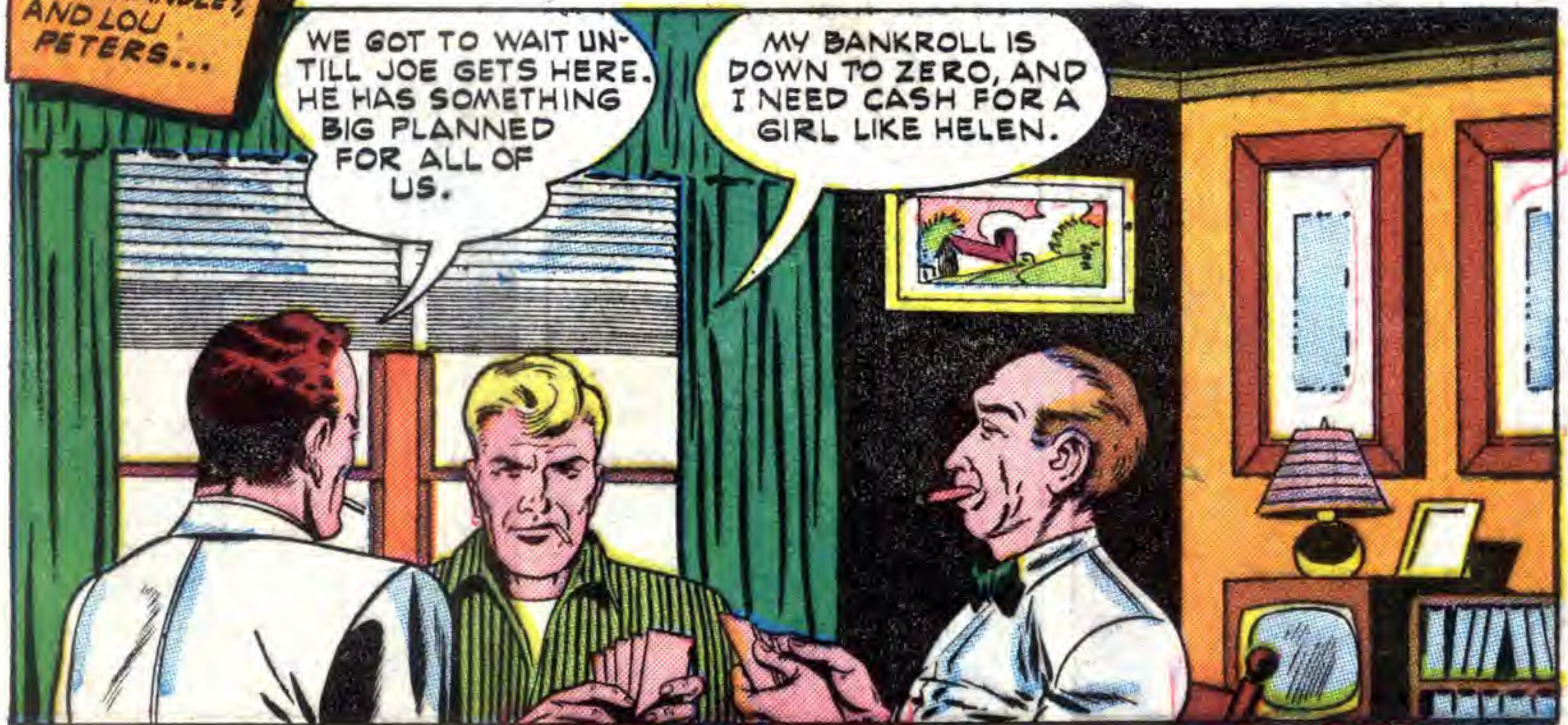
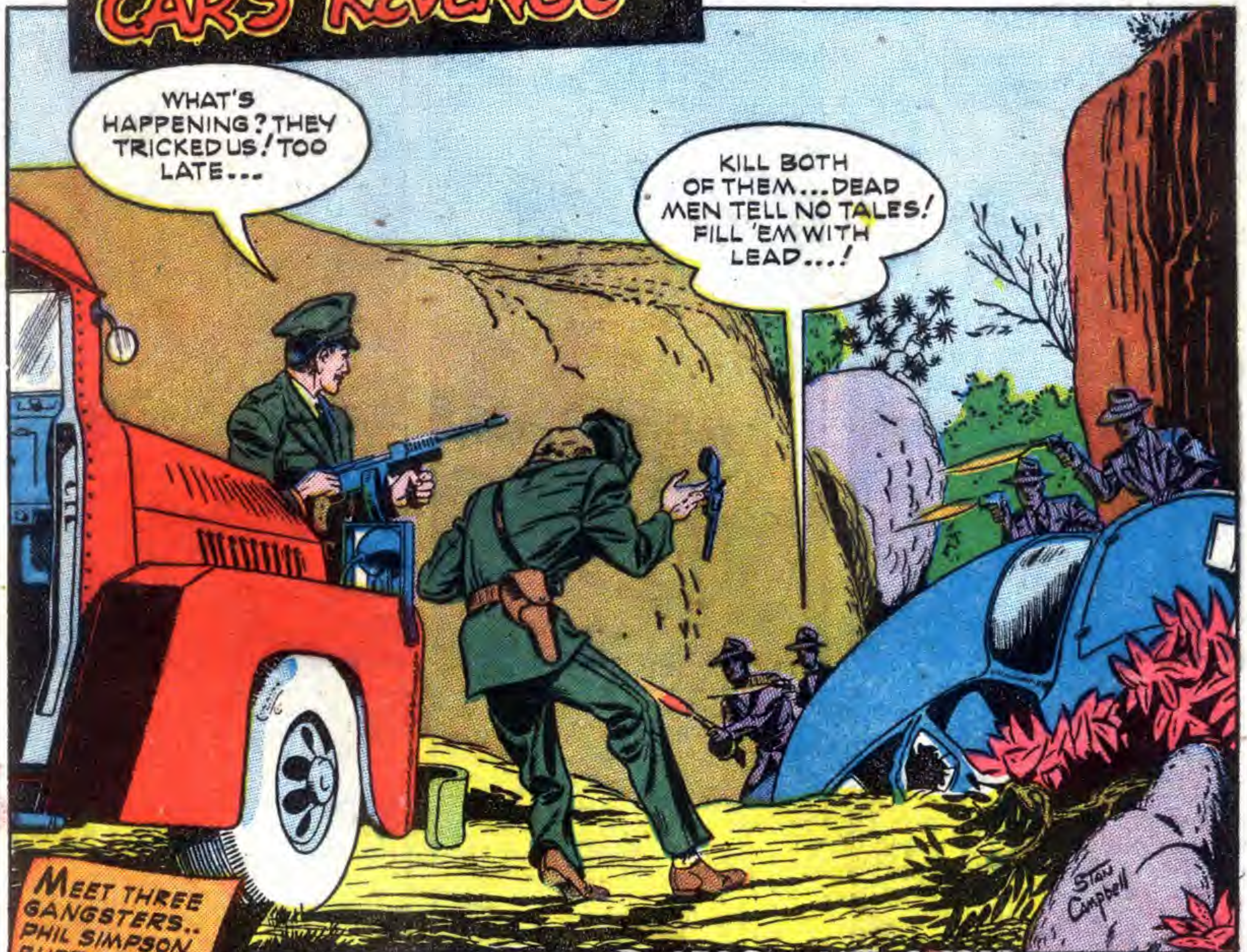
READ THEIR NEXT ADVENTURE. MORE MYSTERY. MORE THRILLS... AND MORE MERRY AND CURTIS!



# CRIME AND JUSTICE

## "The ARMORED CAR'S REVENGE"

THE MURDER OF THE TWO GUARDS OF THE WESLEY ARMORED TRUCK SERVICE WAS A COLD-BLOODED CRIME. JOE MORLEY THOUGHT HE HAD PLANNED A PERFECT HOLD-UP, BUT THERE WAS ONE SLIP-UP....





# CRIME AND JUSTICE

AT LAST, JOE. WELL, WHAT'S THE NEWS? WE THOUGHT YOU WERE AWAY ON A DATE.

WAIT TILL YOU SEE THE ARTILLERY I GOT. MEANS WE'RE READY FOR THE BIG JOB.



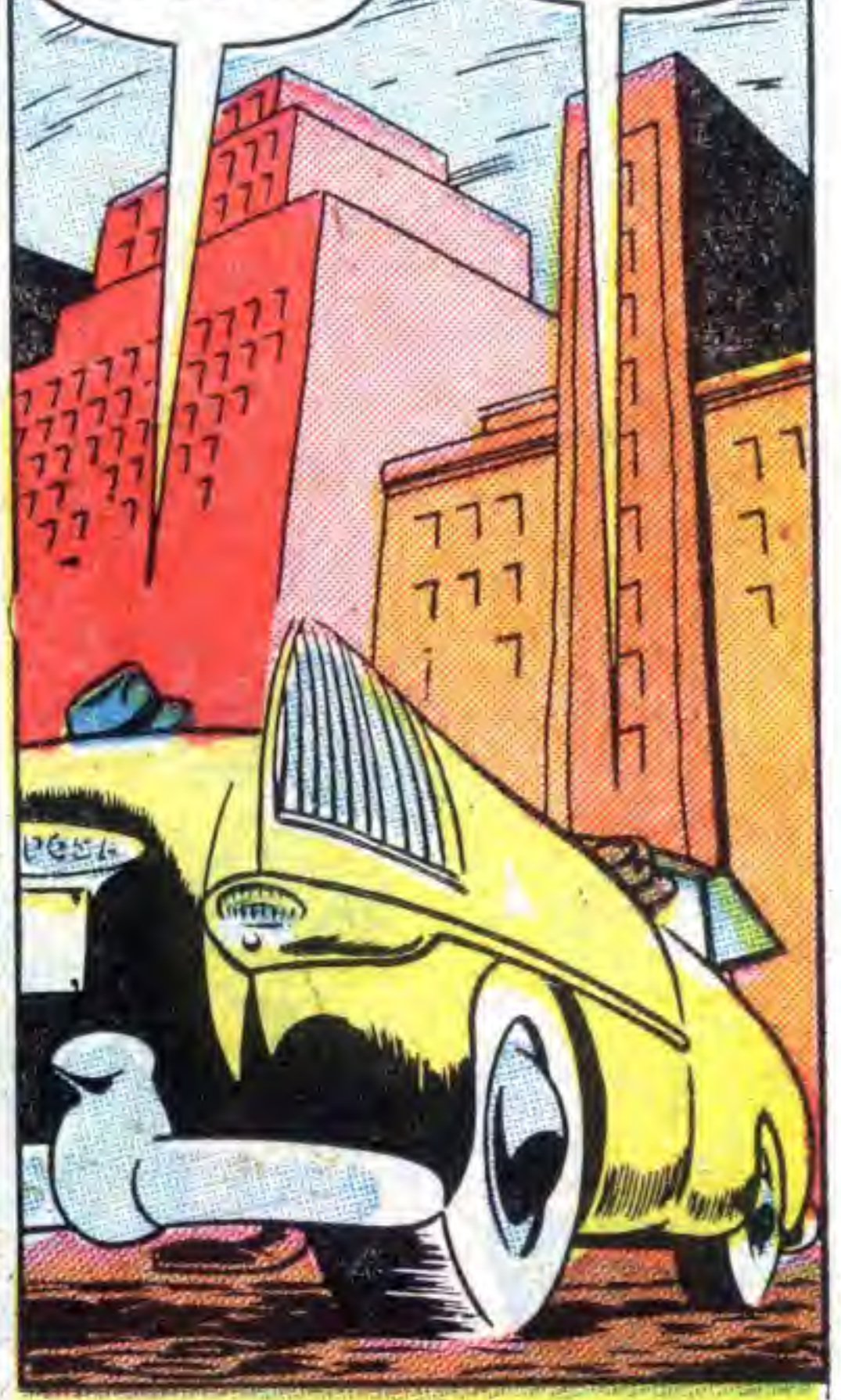
HERE'S THE STUFF I BOUGHT FROM DANNY. GAVE HIM ONE GRAND AND PROMISED HIM MORE AFTER.

DON'T YOU THINK WE PULL OFF THE JOB. IT IS TIME YOU LET US IN ON THE SECRET? WHAT JOB?



WHEN WE TURN ON PINEHURST AVENUE, YOU'LL SEE HOW WE ARE GOING TO GET OUR DOUGH.

THE SOONER, THE BETTER. MY FINGERS ARE ITCHY. I WANT TO GO SOUTH.



LITTLE DID THESE TWO GUARDS REALIZE WHAT THE FUTURE HELD FOR THEM....

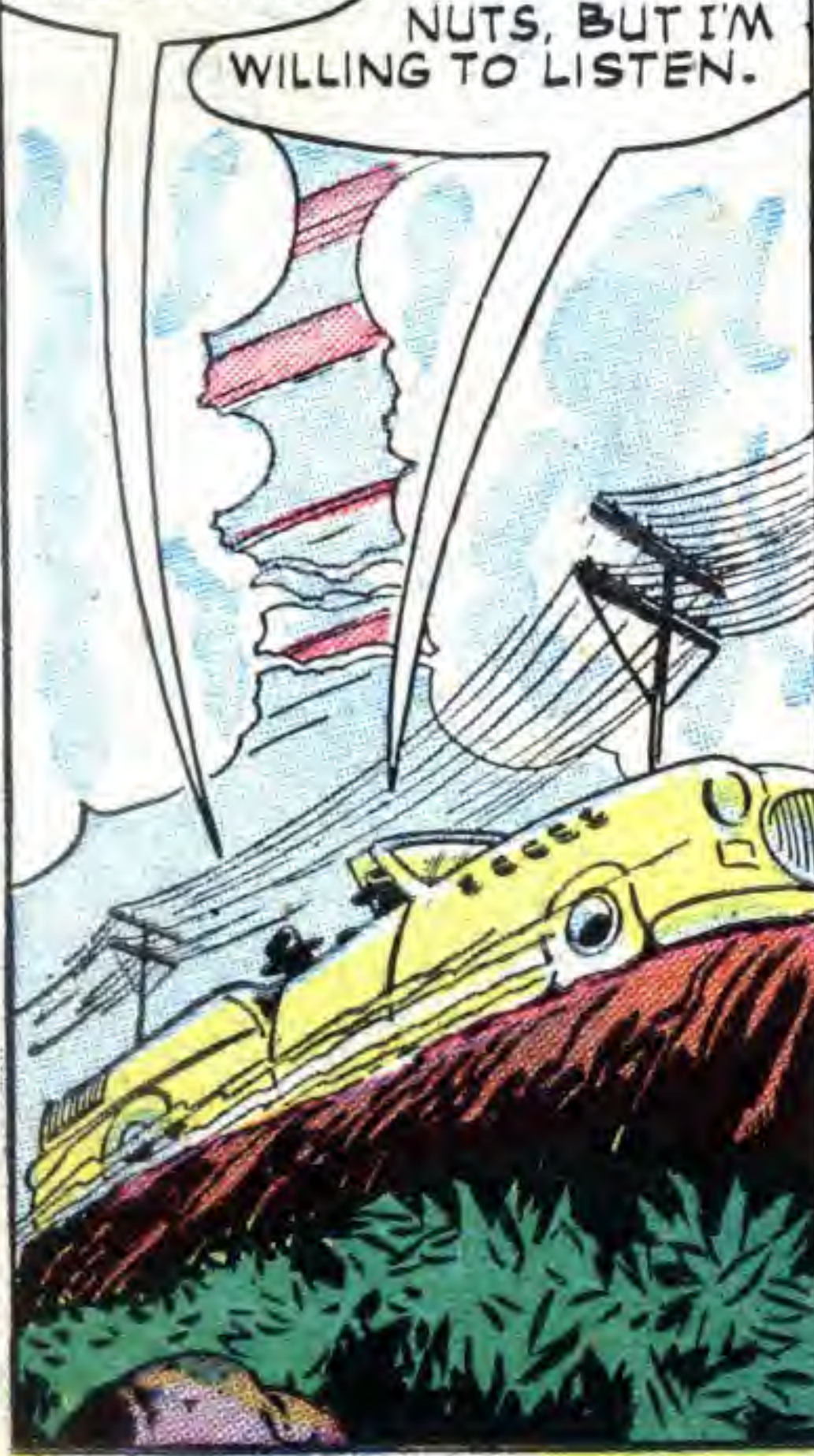
SAY, TOM, THIS IS OUR LAST TRIP. COME ON HOME WITH ME FOR SUPPER.

THANKS A LOT, BILL, FOR THE INVITE. BUT I GOT A DATE TO VISIT MY AUNT. SHE'S BEEN ILL LATELY.



YOU SAW THAT ARMORED CAR BACK IN THE CITY. WE'RE GOIN' TO RUN IT FOR A NEAT TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND!

MAYBE I GOT A HOLE IN MY HEAD! SOUNDS NUTS, BUT I'M WILLING TO LISTEN.



YOU BROUGHT US TO THIS MOTEL. I FIGURE IT'LL BE OUR HIDE- AWAY. SPILL HOW WE ARE GOING TO DO THE JOB...

TOMORROW THAT ARMORED CAR MAKES A TRIP ALONG THE OLD COUNTY ROAD WITH ALL THAT MONEY-TAKING IT TO THE WAR PLANT AT HILL SIDE. AND WE GET IT... WATCH AND SEE?





# CRIME AND JUSTICE





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GLAD YOU GOT HERE, CAPTAIN MEANERS. WE HAVEN'T TOUCHED A THING.

WE'VE GOT TO LOOK FOR EVERY POSSIBLE CLUE. WE WANT THOSE KILLERS... DEAD OR ALIVE!



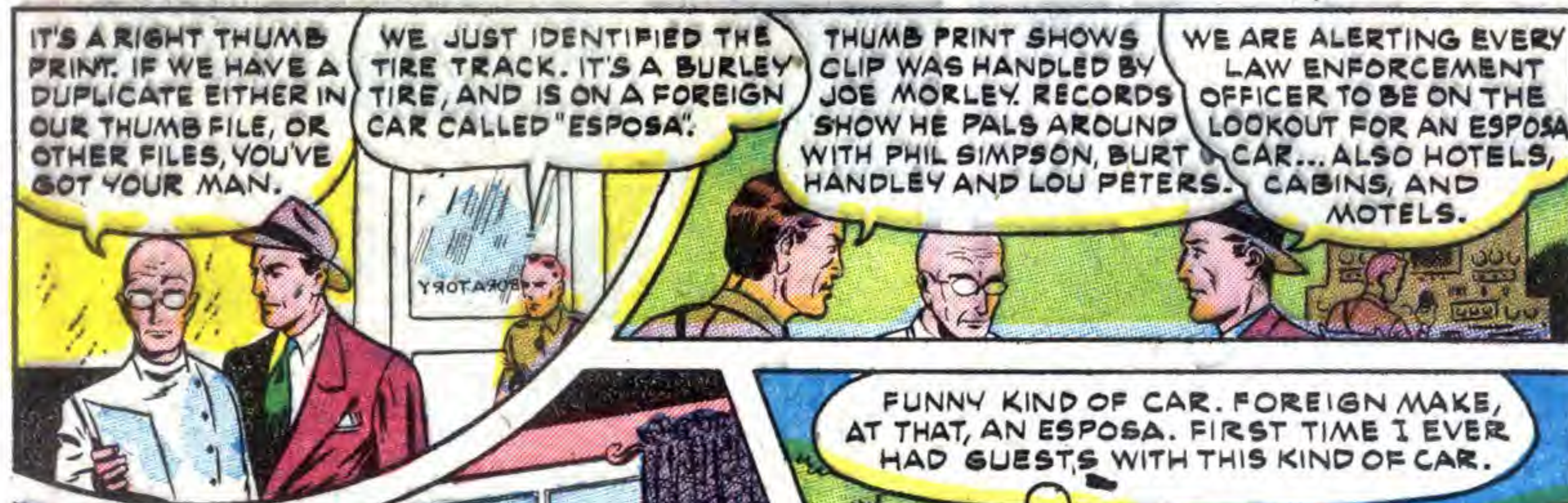
AFTER YOU TAKE THE PICTURE, I WANT A CAST OF THOSE TRACKS. THAT WAS THE GET-AWAY CAR. PECULIAR TIRE TRACKS.

THEY MUST BE A FOREIGN MAKE. WE'LL IDENTIFY THEM AT THE BUREAU.



THEY MUST HAVE DROPPED THE CLIP CASE. LOOKS LIKE A THUMB PRINT ON IT...

THIS HAS AN A-1 PRIORITY. NO REST NOR SLEEP TILL WE GET THOSE KILLERS!



IT'S A RIGHT THUMB PRINT. IF WE HAVE A DUPLICATE EITHER IN OUR THUMB FILE, OR OTHER FILES, YOU'VE GOT YOUR MAN.

WE JUST IDENTIFIED THE TIRE TRACK. IT'S A BURLEY TIRE, AND IS ON A FOREIGN CAR CALLED "ESPOSA".

THUMB PRINT SHOWS CLIP WAS HANDLED BY JOE MORLEY. RECORDS SHOW HE PALS AROUND WITH PHIL SIMPSON, BURT CAR... ALSO HOTELS, HANDLEY AND LOU PETERS.

WE ARE ALERTING EVERY LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICER TO BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR AN ESPOSA CAR... ALSO HOTELS, CABINS, AND MOTELS.



ALL WE GOT TO DO IS REST HERE. THERE'S NO HEAT ON US BECAUSE THEY DON'T KNOW WHO DID THE JOB.

I MUST HAND IT TO YOU, JOE. THAT WAS A PERFECT JOB YOU PULLED.

FUNNY KIND OF CAR. FOREIGN MAKE, AT THAT, AN ESPOSA. FIRST TIME I EVER HAD GUESTS WITH THIS KIND OF CAR.

SHADY MOTEL

ESPOSA


773



# CRIME AND JUSTICE

IS THIS YOU, HANK? WE ARE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR AN ESPOSA CAR WITH FOUR MEN IN IT. WE GOT PICTURES OF THOSE MEN...WHAT? UP AT YOUR PLACE...!

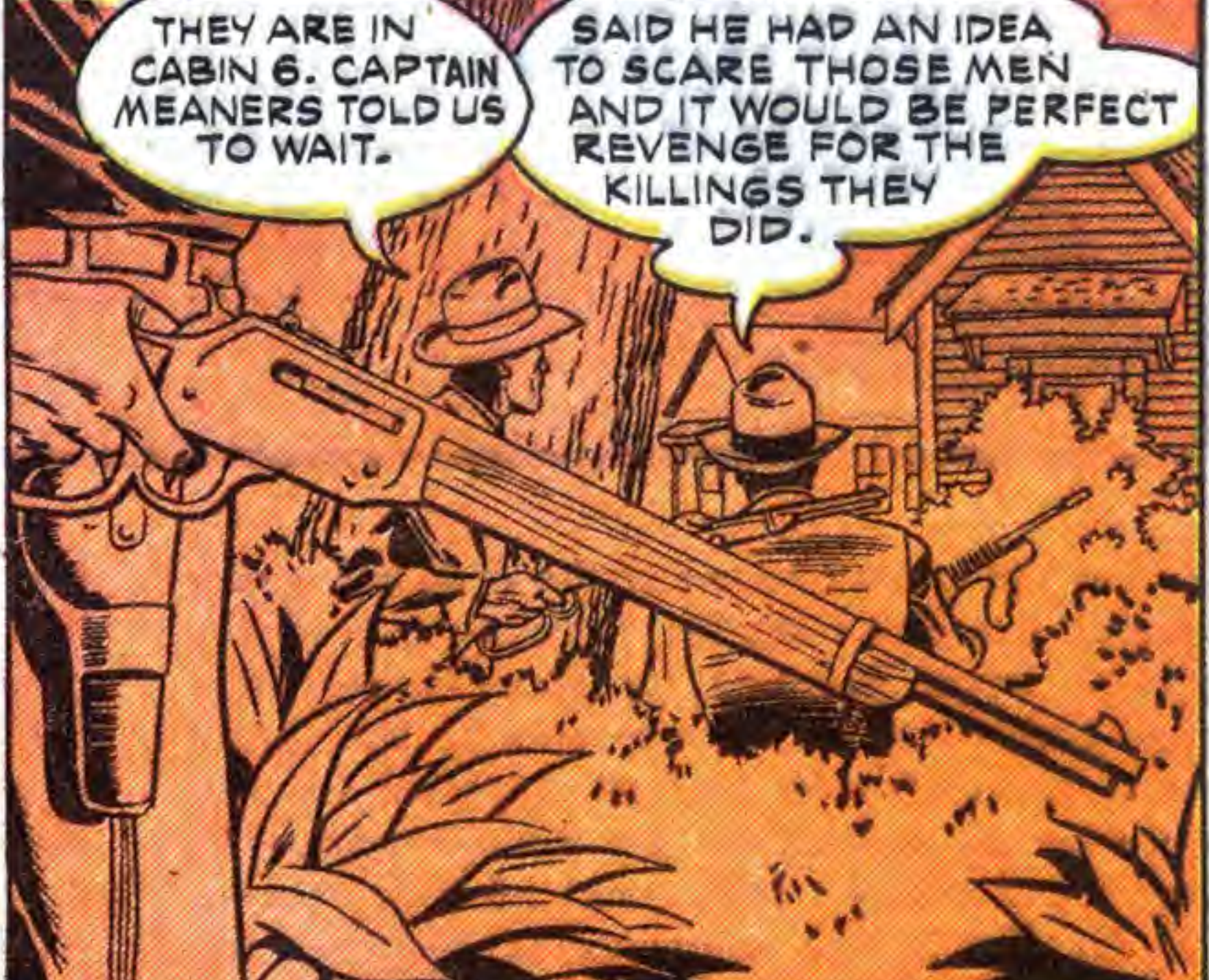
I'LL CONTACT CAPTAIN MEANERS.



**COUNTY SHERIFF**

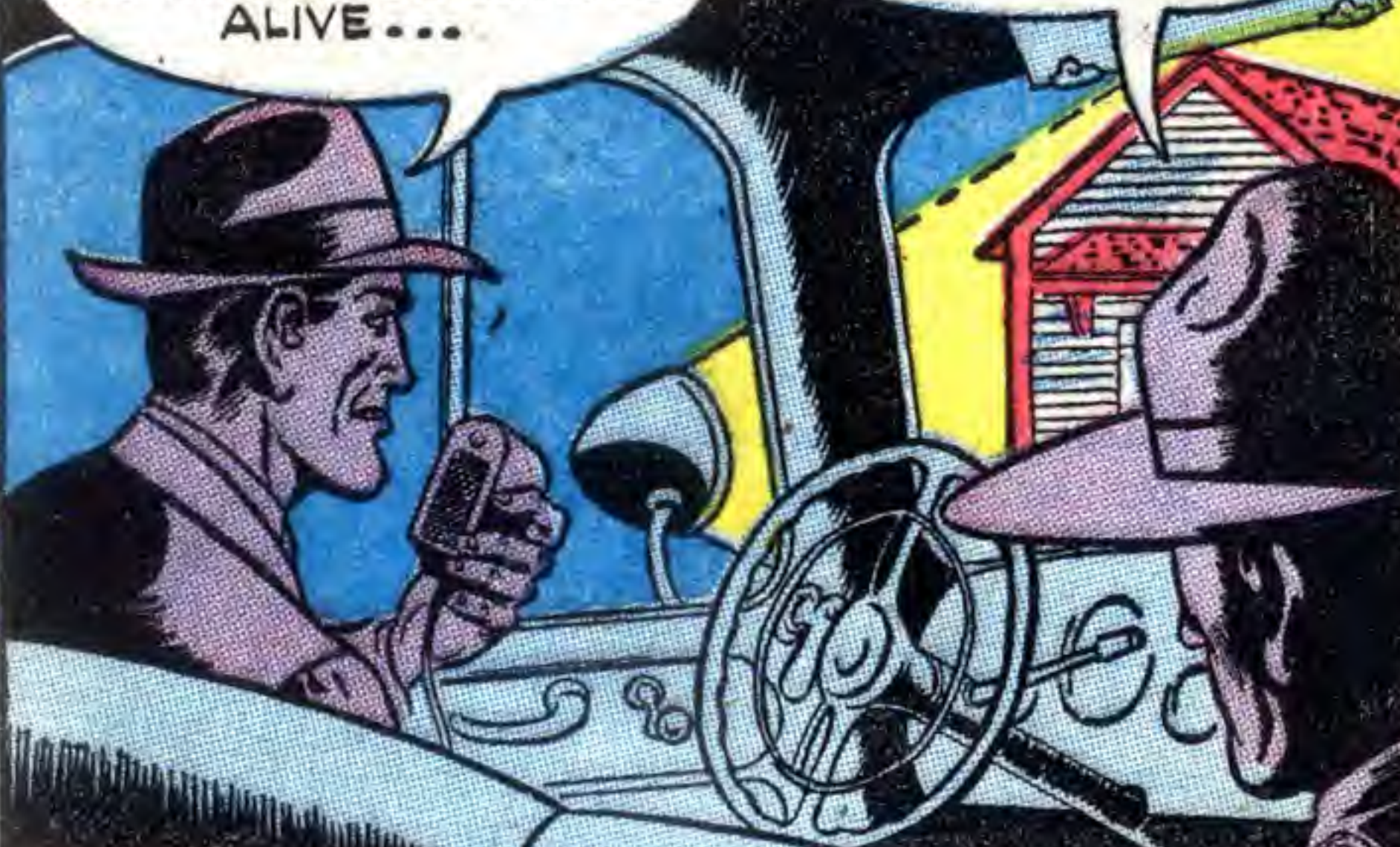
THEY ARE IN CABIN 6. CAPTAIN MEANERS TOLD US TO WAIT.

SAID HE HAD AN IDEA TO SCARE THOSE MEN AND IT WOULD BE PERFECT REVENGE FOR THE KILLINGS THEY DID.



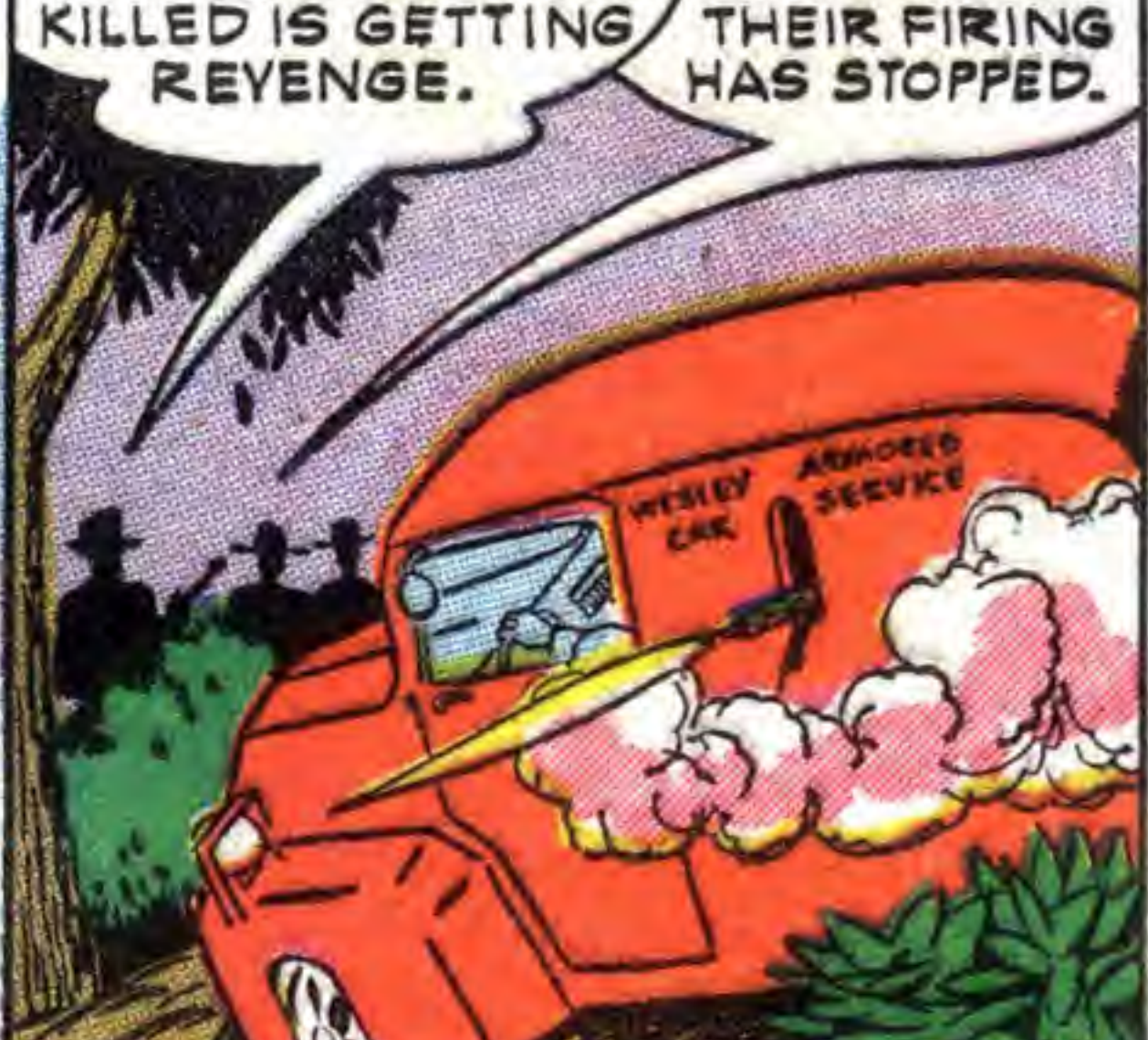
WE KNOW YOU ARE IN THERE. WE GIVE YOU ONE MINUTE TO SURRENDER OR YOU WILL NEVER COME OUT ALIVE...

THEY ARE BEGINNING TO FIRE! PLAN "REVENGE" GOES INTO EFFECT.



SORT OF A POETIC JUSTICE. THE VERY TRUCK IN WHICH THE TWO GUARDS WERE KILLED IS GETTING REVENGE.

THEY ASKED FOR IT - AND THEY ARE GETTING IT! THEIR FIRING HAS STOPPED.



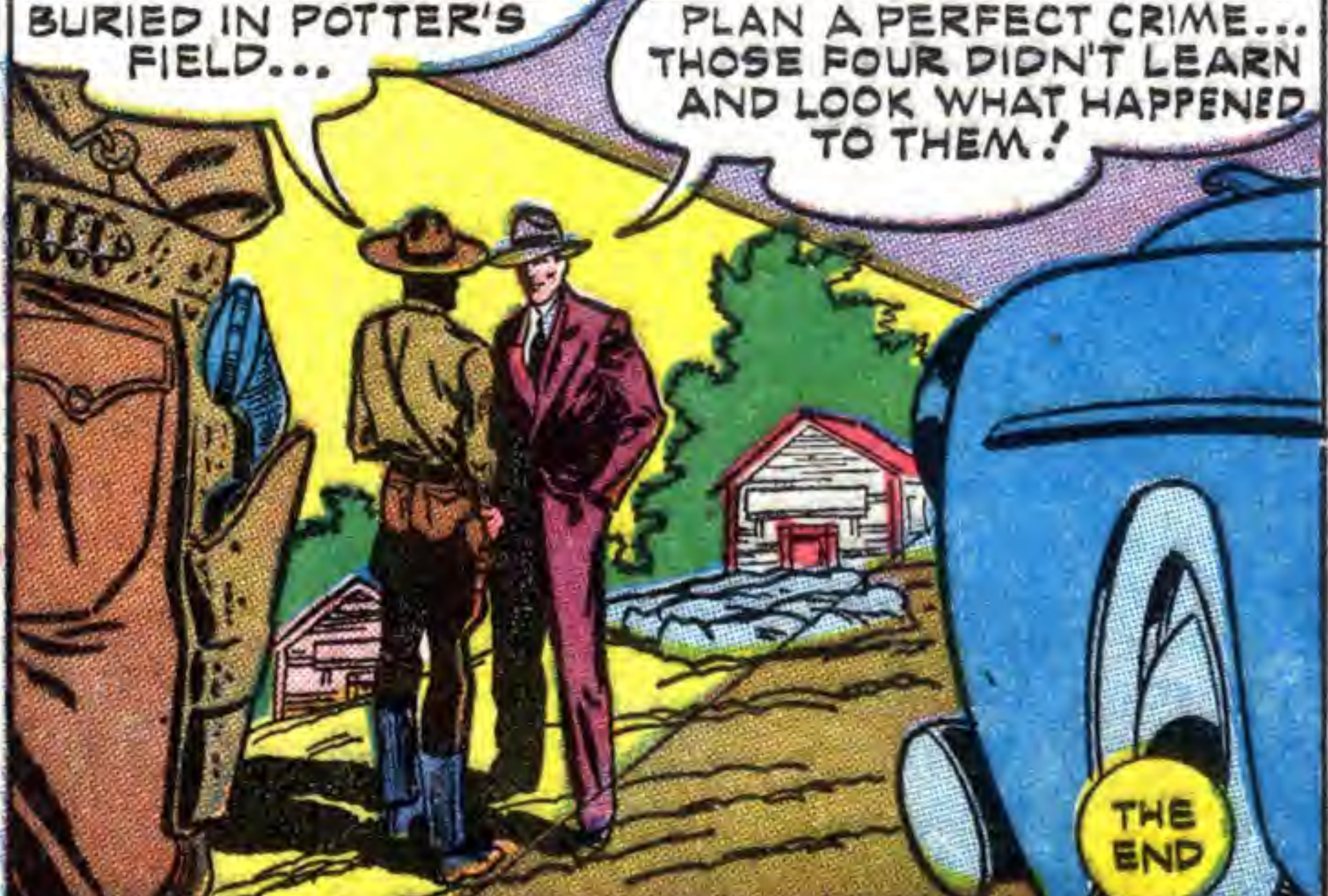
AND SO JUSTICE WAS DONE. THEY LIVED BY THE GUN AND DIED BY IT...

THAT ARMORED CAR...IT'S KILLING US! LIKE A DEVIL FROM A GRAVE... HOW DID THEY EVER FIND US...



THE MORGUE WAGON IS HERE. I GUESS THEY WILL BE BURIED IN POTTER'S FIELD...

SOME DAY PEOPLE WILL LEARN YOU CAN'T PLAN A PERFECT CRIME... THOSE FOUR DIDN'T LEARN AND LOOK WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM!



**THE END**





# THE ALIBI

The young man seated at the desk had a very serious expression on his face as he read the special report prepared for him. He was very tall, perhaps six feet three and he had broad shoulders that told you at a glance he had once played football on his college team. His hair was a deep black and his eyes brown. Walter Tobin was conscious of his deep responsibility as the youngest District Attorney ever to guide the destiny of his fair city. His secretary entered and announced, "Professor James Dingly is here. And is he prompt! The clock just struck three when he entered the outer office."

Walter Tobin smiled as his old law school teacher entered his private office. Extending his hand he said, "good to see you again, Professor. And thanks a million for coming down to see me when I need your helping hand."

A man past fifty, with a large stomach that sort of told you he weighed more than two hundred and fifty pounds, looked around for a large easy chair where he could rest his body. "Excuse me," apologized the young D.A. as he rushed to the side of his office and returned with a comfortable leather chair. "This ought to rest your weary bones as you hear my tale of woe."

The D.A. pressed a button on his desk and the door on the left opened. A small man with a heavy shock of black hair and coarse ugly features entered the room. He could have been in his early thirties or forties. His tongue was wetting his lower lip as he came up to the D.A.'s desk. "I got lots of business to take care of and the sooner I get out of his place, the better. Gives me the creeps to see so many nice people around this dump." Walter Tobin ignored the last remark. "Look here, Mr. John Borocius, I want to get this straight. You need the protection of my office and the police. So tell your story to Professor Dingley as you told it to me."

Borocius fixed his cat-like eyes on the famous

law school teacher and crime expert. "So this here guy is a Prof. Well, well, what is crime coming to when they get college men to figure out what's wrong." There was no remark from either the D.A. or the Professor so the uncouth third party continued to speak.

"The gambling rackets in this town are run by Pete Gurvey. Every one knows that, even the kids. Pete runs a travelling gambling game for big dough. When big money comes into this town and wants to play, Pete is informed. The fellows are picked up by cars and taken to different hotels. That's why the cops can never find them. Nobody, and I mean nobody but Pete knows just where the game is to be. Well, last month I played in one of those games. I lost more than fifty grand. Gave Pete half cash and the rest in my I.O.U. Then I learned the game was rigged against me. Pete had three of the best card sharps from Chicago in that game just to beat me. So I told Pete Gurvey I wouldn't pay him a cent. And furthermore I was going to sue to get my twenty-five grand back. I learned by the grapevine I am going to be shot by the end of the week. That's my story."

"It seems to me," pointed out the Professor, "that all you have to do to stay alive is to allow the police to either put you in a nice cell under protective custody or give you a police guard."

In a minute there was anger written all over John Borocius' face. "My reputation would be finished. They would say I'm yellow. A guy can have a bodyguard if he picks one. I'm no coward. All I ask is this. When Pete Gurvey fills me full of lead, I just want this new D.A. to send him to the chair. And if a Prof can help him so much the better. Now I got to go and attend to some important business."

Finishing those last words, John Borocius left the D.A.'s office. Then Walter Tobin turned to his old teacher. "There's my problem. What do I do? The fellow is practically inviting death. If Gurvey kills him and gets away with it, then crime will run this town. I need your



advice. What should I do?"

Professor Dingley ran the palm of his hand through the few remaining black hairs on his head. "Seems to me the only thing we can do is to figure out a plan to prevent Gurvey from carrying out his threat. You can't arrest him because you'll never prove he made such a statement. Call me at any hour you need more help."

It was exactly three days later at two in the morning that the phone rang in the Professor's apartment. He turned on the electric switch and reached for the phone. Then he dressed in a hurry and went downstairs into a waiting patrol car that took him over to an apartment on the west side of town. Policemen were around the building. The professor was rushed upstairs and found himself looking at a covered body on the floor. "So that's what remains of the late Mr. John Borocius, who won't take police protection," was his comment.

"No," was the correction of the young D.A. "The body happens to be that of the late Mr. Peter Gurvey. My men are looking for Mr. Borocius and soon as they pick him up we'll see if we can make sense over this case. Seems the wrong man was murdered."

"Or was he?" suggested the Professor with a baby look on his face of complete innocence. "As soon as you get the coroner's report and pick up Borocius let me know. And if you don't mind I want to go home and get some more sleep. A police escort will do the trick."

Three days later the Professor was back again in the apartment that once had belonged to the top man of crime in the city. It was full of police officials, the young D.A., Mr. Borocius and his bodyguard, a thick necked bulldog type of man by the name of Hammer Ringo. Walter Tobin was fighting mad as he faced Borocius. "You planned this murder even while you were up in my office. I'm going to send you to the chair for it even if it's the last thing I do."

The accused seemed exceptionally cool to the critical eye of the Professor as he replied, "No use blowing your top about it. I got a perfect alibi. Your own coroner fixed the time of death between 12 and 12:30 P. M. Well, between that time I was at the Ranley Theatre. They were having a double feature. And at 11:30 they had a sneak preview of a Western picture called "Last Shot." And they only played it once. You made me and my bodyguard write you what we saw in that movie house. I told you

once if I told you a dozen times. We went to the Ranley Theatre at 8:20 and that is when the first of the regular double feature pictures goes on the screen. Hammer Ringo sat next to me. We saw the two pictures and then this special Western picture. We left the place at 1:30 in the morning."

"Can you prove you were in that theatre and produce witnesses who saw you?" challenged the D.A. as he found himself clinching his fists in mounting anger.

"All I have is the two tickets of admittance. If I produced an usher who saw me you would say I fixed it. Thousands of people go in there. It's up to you to show I wasn't in the place that evening." And with a little smirk Borocius wet his lower lip with his tongue.

The phone rang twice and the Professor answered it. His words were of one-syllables. "Sure?", "Yes", "Fine", "Good" and "Thanks." Then he turned to the entire group of people. "The manager of the theatre just returned. He had been away all week. And the news he gave me explains just how this almost perfect crime was planned?"

"You mean you got the stuff that will send Borocius to the chair?" said a reporter from the Daily Sentinel. "You just listen to how it was done," began the Professor, "and then draw your own conclusions. The motive? With Gurvey out of the way, Borocius would take control of the gambling syndicate. Somehow he must have learned that in a city some 850 miles from here there is another Ranley Theatre. Plays same show but one day earlier. He probably took a plane with his bodyguard and flew to that city, saw the show and then returned here. He sent one of his boys to the Ranley Theatre in this city to buy two tickets. He and Ringo were busy trailing Gurvey until they spotted him entering this apartment and then came here and killed him. Borocius has shown two stubs-A 36793 and A 36794. The Ranley Theatre has three daily changes of cashiers. At 3:30 the cashier who took over began at A 37001 so that means that the stubs were purchased before 3:30. You may arrest them now Mr. Tobin."

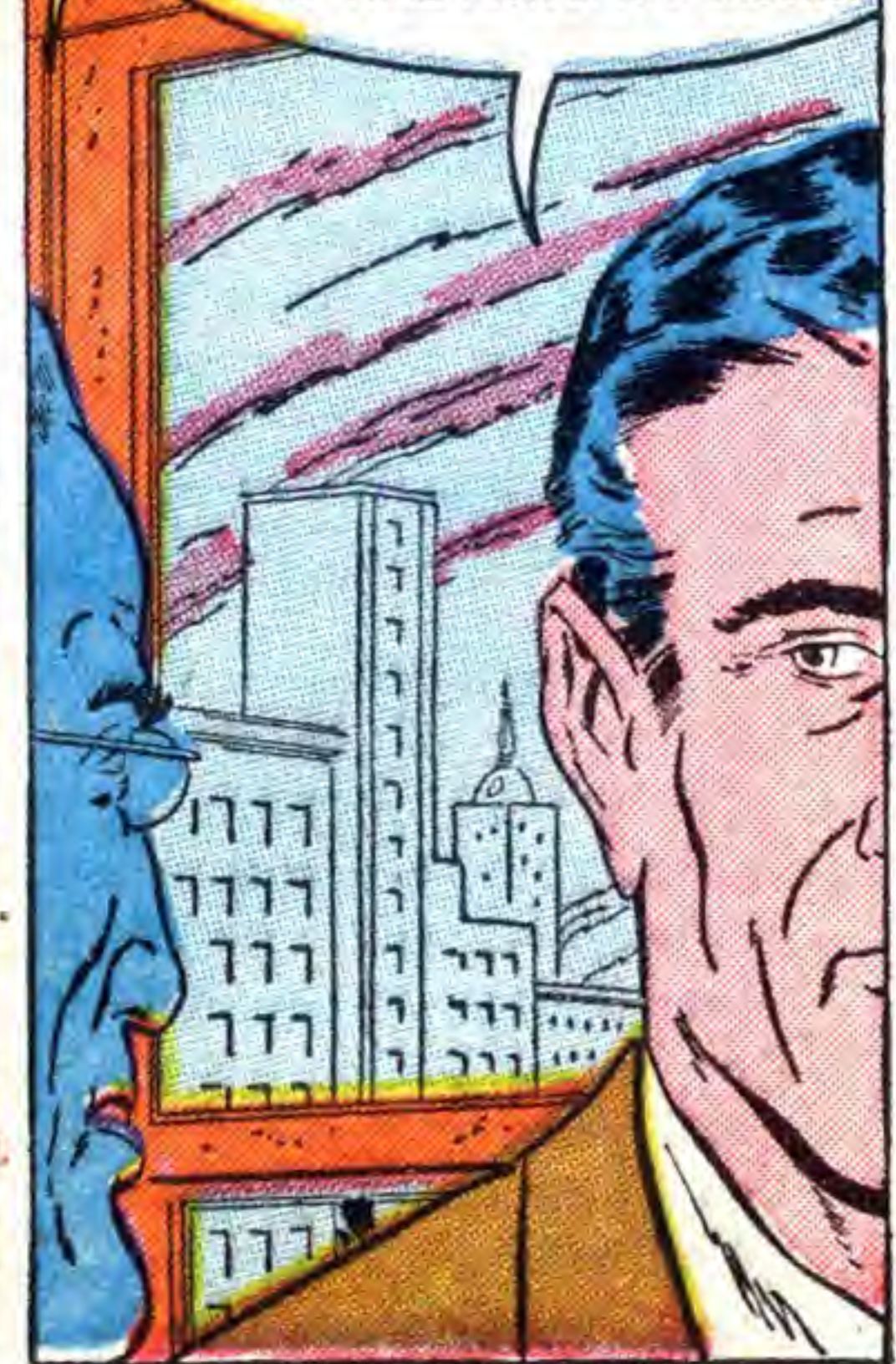
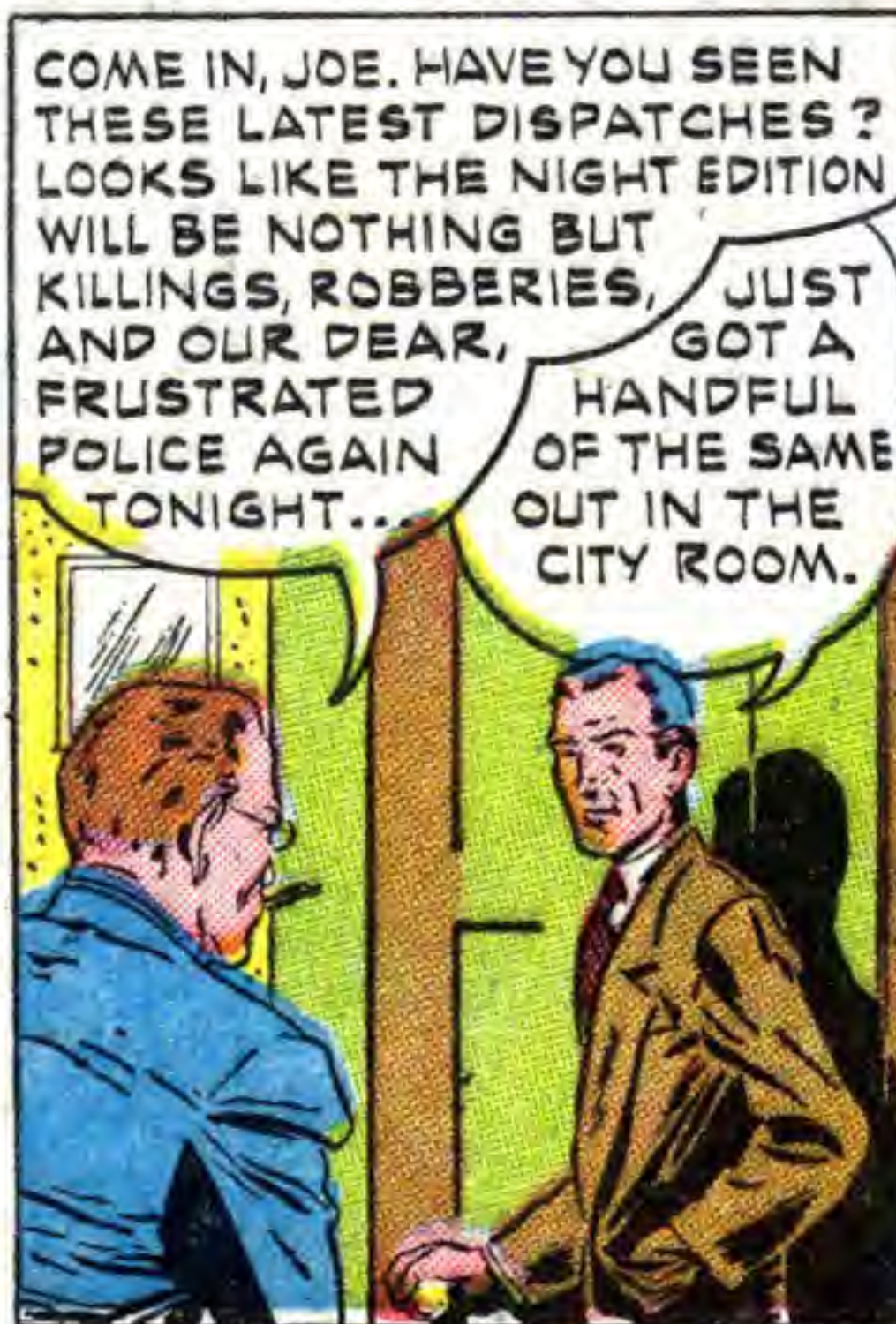
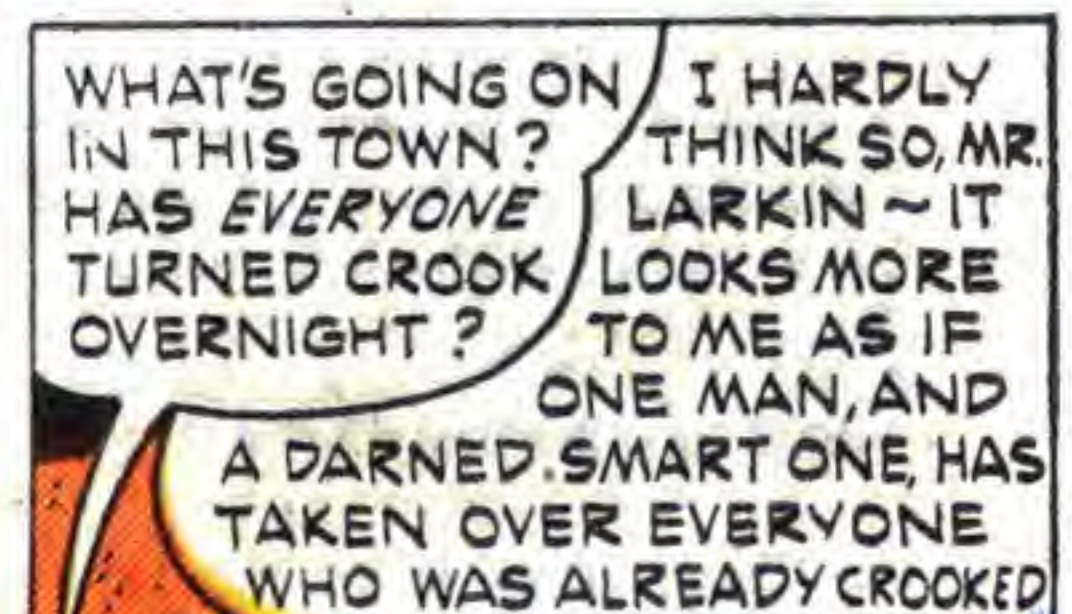
As it dawned upon the thick skull of the bodyguard what had happened, he shouted, "Make me a deal for my life and I'll talk!" But that fell upon deaf ears as cuffs were placed upon four wrists. And the D.A. was all smiles as he complimented his old friend. "You certainly blasted that ticket alibi."

—THE END—



## Front Page Story

WHEN THE POLICE WERE UNABLE TO HALT WHAT APPEARED TO BE A WELL ORGANIZED ASSAULT ON THE PUBLIC BY UNDERWORLD FORCES ~ AND OVERNIGHT CRIME BECAME TOO CALCULATED AND SUCCESSFUL TO BE THE WORK OF INDIVIDUAL BANDS OF CRIMINALS, JOE RYAN OF THE CITY PRESS DID SOME CHECKING AND CAME UP WITH ONE SIGNIFICANT FACT THAT GAVE HIM THE KEY TO THE SUDDENLY ACQUIRED INTELLIGENCE AMONG THE CRIMINAL ELEMENT OF THE CITY!





# CRIME AND JUSTICE

YOU MAY HAVE SOMETHING AT THAT, JOE. THIS CRIME WAVE HAS PUSHED EVERYTHING ELSE OFF THE FRONT PAGE FOR A WEEK NOW—AND IN THE LAST COUPLE OF DAYS IT'S BEEN TAKING OVER THE REST OF THE PAPER AS WELL! WE ARE SUPPOSED TO BE A WELL ILLUSTRATED SHEET—AND THE PHOTOS ON THESE WALLS PROVE IT...



...LOOK AT THEM, JOE, EVERY ONE A NEWS PHOTO THAT'D WIN A PRIZE IN ANY CONTEST! AND EVERY ONE A SCOOP BY CITY PRESS... YET, WE HAVEN'T HAD *ONE SHOT* IN THE PAPER IN THE PAST WEEK OF ANY OF THIS STUFF THAT HAS BEEN GOING ON!



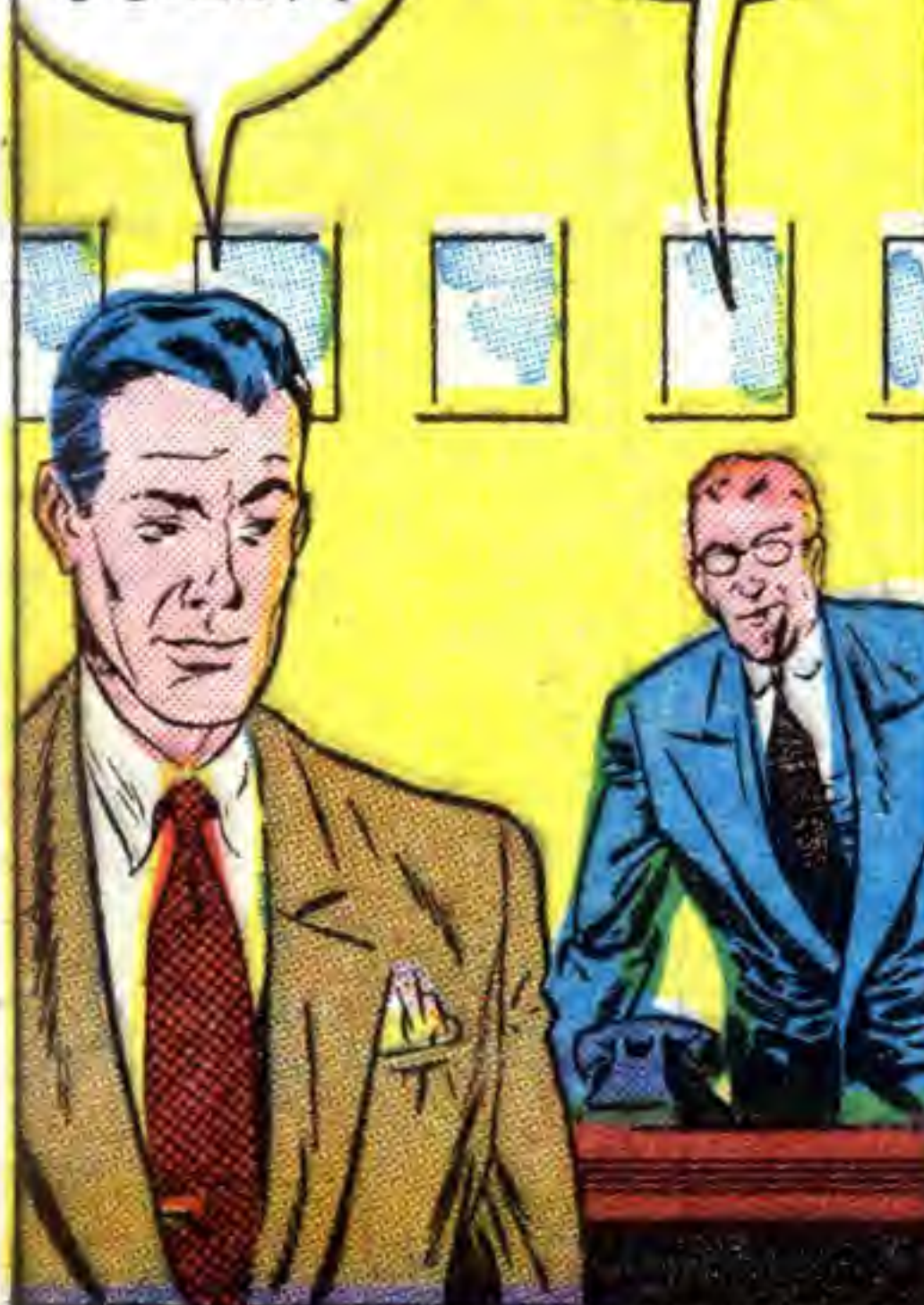
I HAVE BEEN COMING TO YOUR CONCLUSION OF ONE MIND BEING BEHIND ALL THIS, MYSELF, JOE ~ IT'S MUCH TOO WELL ORGANIZED TO BE JUST SUDDEN INSPIRATION ON THE PART OF ALL THE SMALL ISOLATED GANGS AND TWO-BIT MOBSTERS IN TOWN. AN OPERATION LIKE THIS NEEDS THE DIRECTION OF *ONE MAN* ~ SOMEONE WITH THE BRAINS TO KEEP HIS BOYS ONE JUMP AHEAD OF THE LAW!



HOW'D YOU LIKE TO GET OUT FROM BEHIND THAT DESK AND SEE WHAT YOU CAN RUN DOWN ON IT FOR ME? YOU'VE HAD PLENTY OF TOUGH ONES BEFORE, AND FOR MY MONEY YOU'RE A BETTER DETECTIVE THAN ANYTHING THEY'VE GOT SITTING AROUND THAT SQUAD ROOM AT HEADQUARTERS!



I'M NOT SO SURE ABOUT THAT PART, BUT MAYBE I HAVE GOT A COUPLE OF CONNECTIONS DOWN TOWN THE COPS DON'T HAVE. WHEN DO I START?



YOU'VE STARTED. AND SEE TO IT THAT I GET SOME DECENT COVERAGE FOR A CHANGE. AND GET ME PICTURES!

GRAB THAT CAMERA OF YOURS, PAT, AND COME ALONG. WE'RE OFF TO SEE WHAT GOES ON IN THE WORLD...



RIGHT BEHIND YOU, JOEY BOY—WHAT'S COOKIN'?



# CRIME AND JUSTICE

SAY, THIS IS LIKE THE OLD DAYS BEFORE YOU GOT HANDCUFFED TO THAT DESK UP-STAIRS. WHAT'S THE OCCASION?

SEEMS MR. LARKIN WANTS A STORY OR TWO ON THE UNDERWORLD OF OUR FAIR CITY IN ACTION... AND WITH PICS!



SO JOE RYAN, OLD MASTER REPORTER OF CITY PRESS, GETS INTO THE ACT, HUH?

SO JOE RYAN GETS OUT OF THE CITY ROOM FOR AWHILE, AND THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR NOW. LET'S GO OVER TO HEADQUARTERS AND FIND OUT IF BRADY KNOWS ANYTHING WE SHOULD KNOW...



PAT - LOOK OUT!

GOT IT! LARKIN'S GOT HIS PICTURE! SAY, WAS THAT BOY AFTER US?



NO. HE GOT THE GUY HE WAS AFTER! NICK MARRIANO!

MARRIANO! THE NORTH SIDE BOSS! MAYBE THIS IS GOING TO TURN INTO A FIRST CLASS GANG WAR!

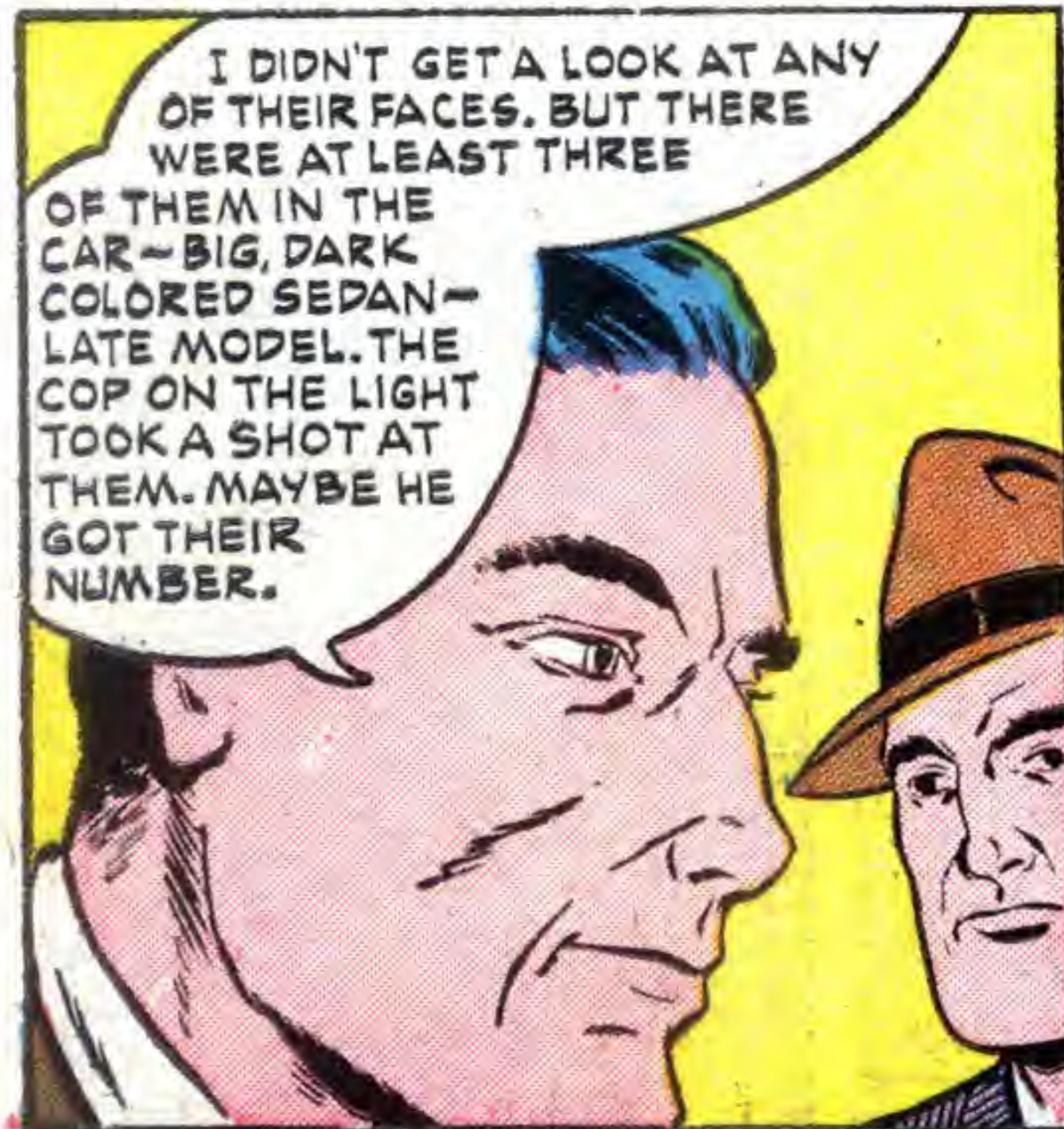


HI, BRADY! LOOKS LIKE THEY PUT ONE OF YOUR HEADACHES OUT OF THE WAY FOR YOU! JUST DRILLED MARRIANO AND ONE OF HIS BOYS!

YOU SEE IT, JOE? DON'T TELL ME I'M FINALLY GOING TO HAVE A WITNESS TO SOMETHING THAT HAPPENS IN THIS BURG...



I DIDN'T GET A LOOK AT ANY OF THEIR FACES. BUT THERE WERE AT LEAST THREE OF THEM IN THE CAR - BIG, DARK COLORED SEDAN - LATE MODEL. THE COP ON THE LIGHT TOOK A SHOT AT THEM. MAYBE HE GOT THEIR NUMBER.



YOU KNOW, THIS SORT OF UPSETS A PET THEORY OF MINE...

HOW'S THAT, JOE?



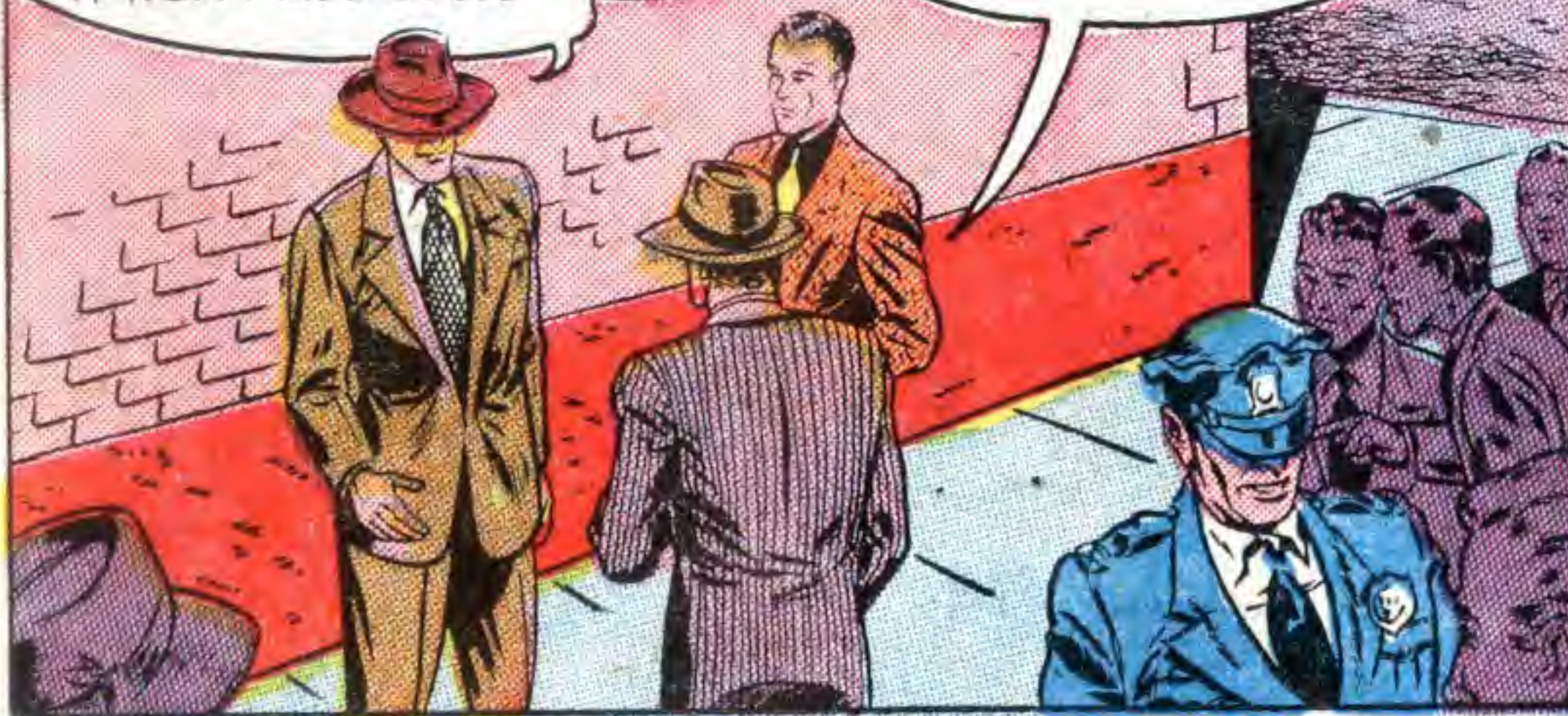


# CRIME AND JUSTICE

I'VE BEEN THINKING THAT SOME ONE PERSON MAY HAVE BEEN DOING SOME ORGANIZING AMONG THE LOCAL HOODS, AND DIRECTING THE WHOLE SHOW, AS IT WERE. BUT IF THEY ARE FIGHTING AMONG THEMSELVES, IT WON'T ADD UP...

AT FIRST WE THOUGHT THAT, TOO - BUT I DOUBT IT. IN THE FIRST PLACE I DON'T KNOW OF ANY OF THEM AROUND JUST NOW THAT WOULD BE SMART ENOUGH TO PULL ALL THIS OFF SO SMOOTHLY...

... AND, ANYWAY, YOU TAKE A GUY LIKE MARRIANO... HE JUST ISN'T THE KIND TO GO ALONG ON A DEAL LIKE THAT WITH THE COMMON HERD. I CAN'T SEE HIM TAKING ORDERS FROM ANYONE... THERE'S A COUPLE MORE AROUND LIKE HIM. NO, IT JUST DOESN'T WASH, JOE.



CHECK WITH ME IF YOU COME UP WITH SOMETHING, WILL YOU, BRADY? OUR READERS WILL STRING US UP SOON IF WE DON'T TELL THEM SOMETHING!

THE COMMISSIONER WORRIES ME A LOT MORE THAN YOUR READERS, PAL, BUT I'LL KEEP YOU INFORMED.



LATER, IN THE CITY ROOM...

HOW'S THAT LOOK? GOING ON PAGE ONE TONIGHT.

IT'S A GOOD SHOT, PAT. LARKIN WILL GO FOR THIS. DOESN'T LOOK AS THOUGH IT SHOWS UP ANYTHING WE DIDN'T ALREADY KNOW ABOUT THE SHOOTING, THOUGH.



**A**FTER A GOOD START, THE REPORTERS BOGGED DOWN, AND, LIKE THE POLICE, SEEMED TO BE JUST A LITTLE LATE AT THE SCENE OF A CRIME TO OBTAIN ANY DEFINITE EVIDENCE AGAINST THE PERPETRATORS... AND UNDERWORLD SUCCESSES MULTIPLIED! DURING A BANK ROBBERY, THE CROOKS SEEMED TO KNOW AT WHAT PRECISE MOMENT THE VAULTS WOULD BE OPEN...



GIVE ME THOSE BAGS, AND WATCH THE DOOR IN CASE ANYBODY GETS PAST THE BOYS UPSTAIRS...

RIGHT! AND SNAP IT UP! WE'RE A LITTLE BEHIND SCHEDULE ON THIS ONE!



**M**ERCHANTS WHO REFUSED "PROTECTION" SUFFERED THE CONSEQUENCES





# CRIME AND JUSTICE

**T**HE COP ON A WATERFRONT BEAT STUMBLED ONTO THE UNDERWORLD IN ACTION... ONLY TO FIND HIMSELF OUTNUMBERED AND IN TROUBLE...



**EVEN SMALL CRIME WAS ORGANIZED!**  
AFTER FOUR DRIVERS LOST THEIR LIVES AND THEIR VEHICLES, THE CAB COMPANIES PULLED THEIR TAXIS OFF THE STREET AT NIGHT.



**ANOTHER UNDERWORLD BOSS MET VIOLENT DEATH AT THE HANDS OF RIVAL GANGSTERS, AND JOE RYAN SAW HIS THEORY FURTHER WEAKENED...**



**R**OBBERIES WERE COMMITTED FOR ONLY A FEW DOLLARS... AND FEW WITNESSES WERE LEFT ALIVE!

**IF ONLY WE COULD NAB JUST ONE OF THESE BIRDS DURING THE CRIME!**

**WE'VE PICKED UP ALL THE SMALL FRY WE CAN LAY HANDS ON, AND NOT A ONE WILL SING. THEY ALL SEEM TO KNOW THEY'LL BE BAILED OUT OR BE RELEASED FOR LACK OF EVIDENCE...**  
**YES, THIS IS CAPTAIN BRADY SPEAKING...**



**WHO? PROFESSOR WHO? C-A-R-L-Y-S-L-E?**  
**YES, I'VE GOT IT. RIGHT FROM THE UNIVERSITY GROUNDS, HUH?**  
**OKAY, I'LL SEND A CAR OUT RIGHT AWAY.**



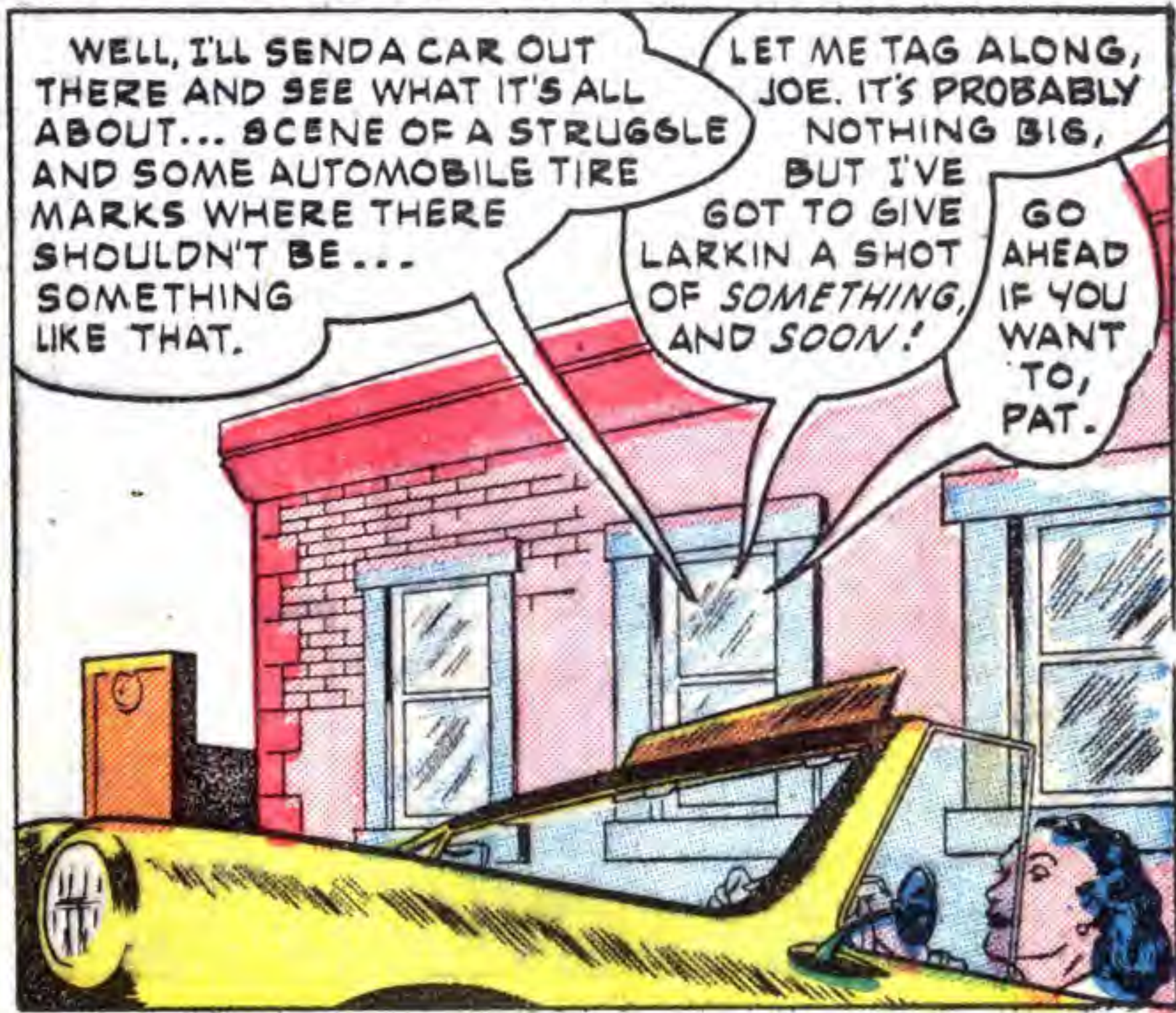
**JOE, YOU EVER HEAR OF A PROFESSOR CARLYSLE AT THE UNIVERSITY? SHOULD HAVE RETURNED YESTERDAY FROM A BUSINESS TRIP TO DETROIT. NO SIGN OF HIM. THEY'VE FOUND POSSIBLE EVIDENCE OF AN ABDUCTION FROM THE SCHOOL CAMPUS, AND THINK IT MAY HAVE BEEN THE PROFESSOR.**

**I KNOW PROFESSOR CARLYSLE, BRADY. HE WAS PROMINENT RIGHT AFTER THE WAR FOR HIS WORK IN NUCLEAR PHYSICS IN CONNECTION WITH THE DEFENSE DEPT'. I DID A SUNDAY PICTURE SERIES ON HIS AND THE SCHOOL'S PART IN THE PROGRAM. GOT TO KNOW HIM RATHER WELL...**





# CRIME AND JUSTICE





# CRIME AND JUSTICE



HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHY WE SHOULD HAVE FOUND THIS PIECE OF BILLIARD CHALK OUT WHERE THE FIGHT TOOK PLACE?

BILLIARD CHALK? NO, INDEED I HAVE NOT. I'M SURE THE STUDENT BODY IS KEPT MUCH TOO BUSY TO DO MUCH OF THAT SORT OF THING.



DIDN'T AMOUNT TO MUCH. CAN'T BE VERY SURE OF ANYTHING YET...

HAS IT OCCURRED TO YOU TWO THAT OF ALL THE VIOLENCE OF LATE, KIDNAPPING IS ABOUT THE *ONE* CRIME IN THE BOOK THAT *HASN'T* BEEN ATTEMPTED?

BUT NO ONE IS EVEN SURE THERE HAS BEEN A KIDNAPPING.

LATE THAT NIGHT IN THE CITY ROOM...



RYAN HERE. YES, HELLO, BRADY..

WASN'T SURE I'D STILL FIND YOU IN THE OFFICE, JOE, BUT I'M GLAD I DID... LISTEN, THIS MAY BE OUR BREAK, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO HELP OUT. IT'S TOO MUCH FOR ONE MAN, AND THE DEPARTMENT IS GOING NUTS FOLLOWING UP LEADS AS IT IS...

YOU REMEMBER LOGAN CRAWFORD, JOE? WE SENT HIM UP ON A MURDER RAP REDUCED TO MANSLAUGHTER EIGHT YEARS AGO. WELL, HE'S OUT BUT HE NEVER DID REPORT TO THE PAROLE BOARD DOWN TOWN. AND CRAWFORD'S FINGERPRINTS ARE ON THAT CHALK PAT FOUND AT THE UNIVERSITY!

LOGAN CRAWFORD WAS A SMART COOKIE, JOE... AND HE USED TO LIKE TO PLAY POOL. WHEN WE WANTED HIM WE USUALLY FOUND HIM IN SOME MADISON AVENUE BILLIARD JOINT.

I REMEMBER HIM, BRADY. EDUCATED SORT OF BIRD... HE STUDIED LAW AT THE UNIVERSITY. YOU WANT PAT AND I TO HELP YOU CHECK THE POOL HALLS, RIGHT?



THE TWO REPORTERS IMMEDIATELY START OUT TO MAKE A TOUR OF THE CITY'S BILLIARD HALLS...

I CHECKED THE PAPER'S 'MORGUE' ON CRAWFORD. STRING OF ARRESTS AS LONG AS YOUR ARM. NO CONVICTIONS 'TIL THE MANSLAUGHTER THING. HE TOOK A COURSE UNDER PROFESSOR CARLYSLE ONCE. SUGGEST ANYTHING TO YOU?

HE COULD HAVE BEEN JUST SMART ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT ALL HE'D NEED FOR A CAMPAIGN OF SUCCESSFUL CRIME WOULD BE CARLYSLE'S DIRECTION...



SAME THING I THOUGHT OF. HE OWNED AN INTEREST IN THAT POOL JOINT OVER THERE. LET'S NOSE AROUND A LITTLE...





# CRIME AND JUSTICE

AND IN A SMALL ROOM OVER THE BILLIARD HALL...

IT'S RYAN OF THE PAPER, LOGAN, AND THERE'S A PROWL CAR PULLING INTO THE STREET UP THE BLOCK...THEY MUST BE ONTO US...

DON'T JUMP YET, RED. WE'RE NOT SURE THEY GOT US SPOTTED! AND YOU SIT NICE AND STILL, CARLYSLE, WHILE WE SEE ABOUT OUR VISITORS!

LOOKS LIKE WE BOTH THOUGHT OF THE SAME PLACE, JOE. WE...

UGH!

RED... YOU FOOL! THEY DIDN'T KNOW...

THERE'S NO BACK WAY OUT! HAVE TO FIGHT...

THANK HEAVEN YOU CAME! THEY WERE JUST ABOUT TO KILL ME!

THOSE TWO RATS WILL DO NO MORE KILLING!

PROFESSOR CARLYSLE! WAS CRAWFORD BEHIND THE CRIME WAVE IN THE CITY?

YES! HE ABDUCTED ME EIGHT DAYS AGO FROM THE CAMPUS AS I WAS PREPARING FOR A TRIP. THEY'VE BEEN HOLDING ME HERE AND FORCING ME TO PLAN THEIR CRIMES FOR THEM. I HAD TO DO IT...THEY WOULD HAVE KILLED ME LONG AGO! BUT I CAN GIVE YOU A LIST OF WHAT THEY HAVE PLANNED AND NAMES OF CRAWFORD'S MEN!

THAT'S ALL WE'LL NEED!

WONDERFUL WORK, JOE. AND THESE PICS ARE REALLY SOMETHING!

WHEN I FOUND OUT THAT CRAWFORD WAS ACQUAINTED WITH PROFESSOR CARLYSLE'S SUPERB INTELLIGENCE, I BEGAN TO GET THE IDEA. BUT WHEN CRAWFORD KILLED THOSE MOBSTERS, IT ALMOST THREW US OFF THE TRACK.

BRADY HAD THE REASON FOR THAT WITHOUT REALIZING IT WHEN HE SAID THEY WOULDN'T COOPERATE WITH CRAWFORD. THAT WAS IT—PURE AND SIMPLE...

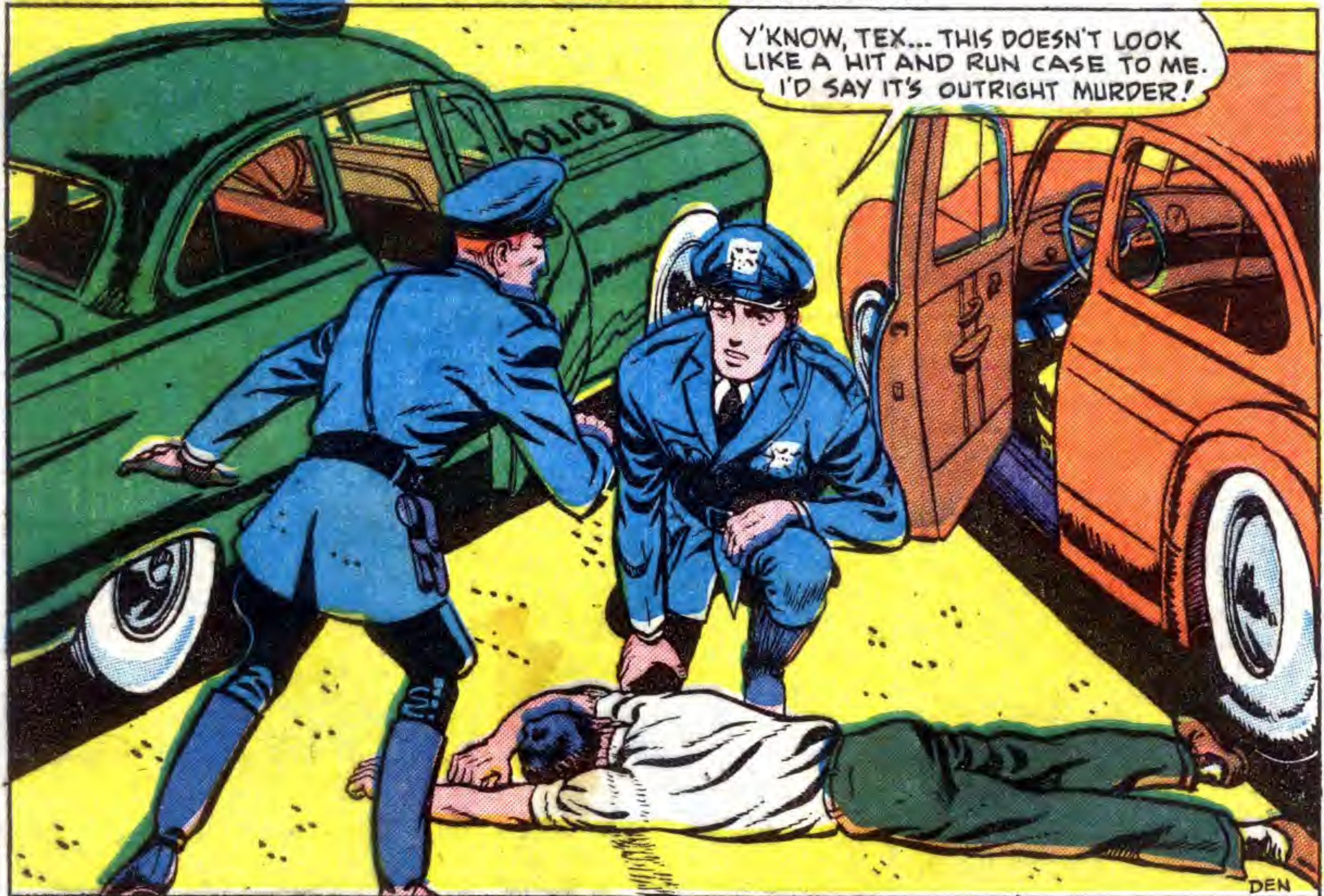
THE END



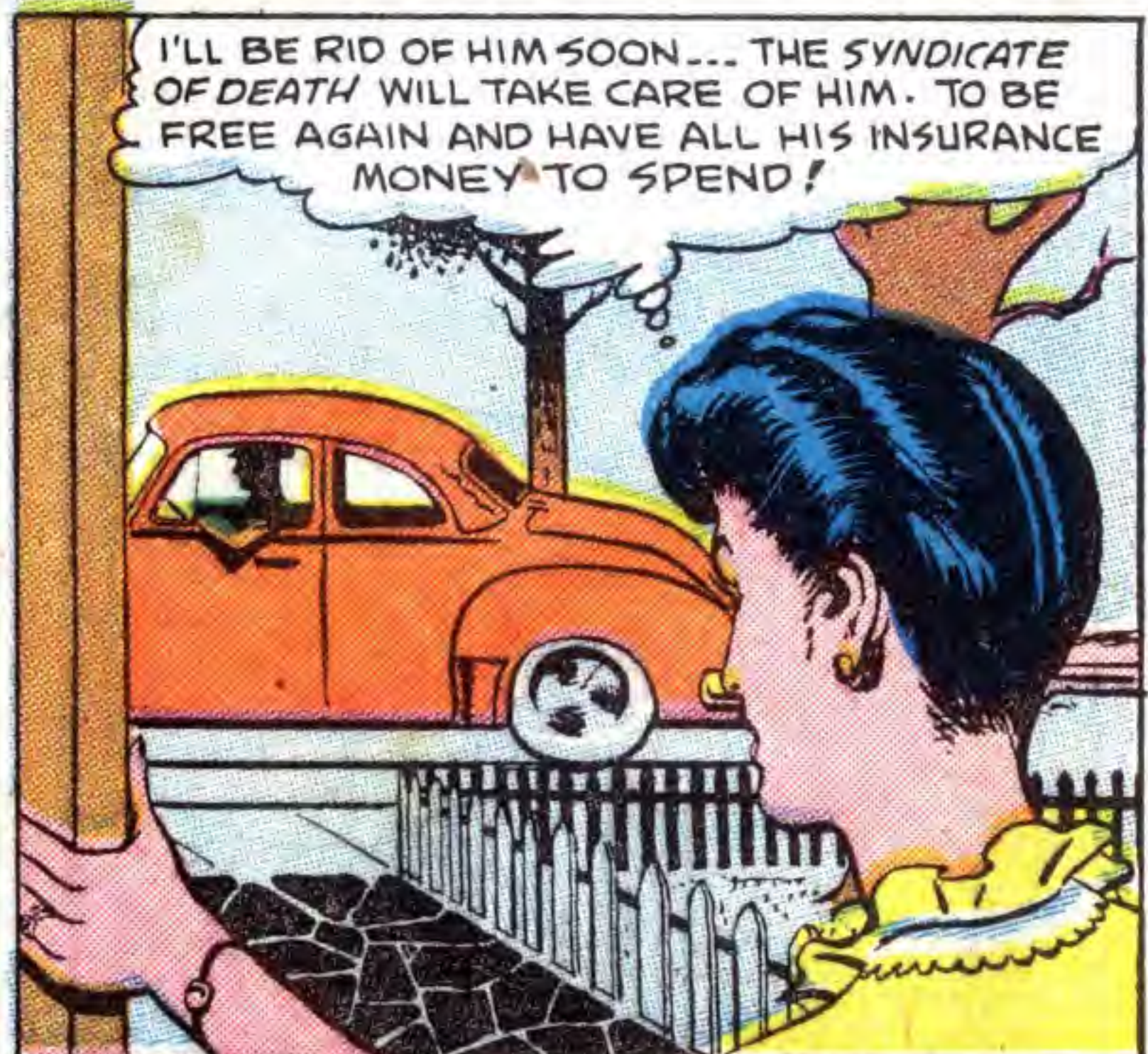
# CRIME AND JUSTICE **RADIO PATROL**

## in "SYNDICATED DEATH"

**F**OLLOW THE RADIO PATROL IN ANOTHER ONE OF THEIR EXCITING ADVENTURES. TEX AND BARRY STUMBLE UPON A SYNDICATE OF DEATH. MURDER ON THE HIGHWAY... FOR A PRICE!

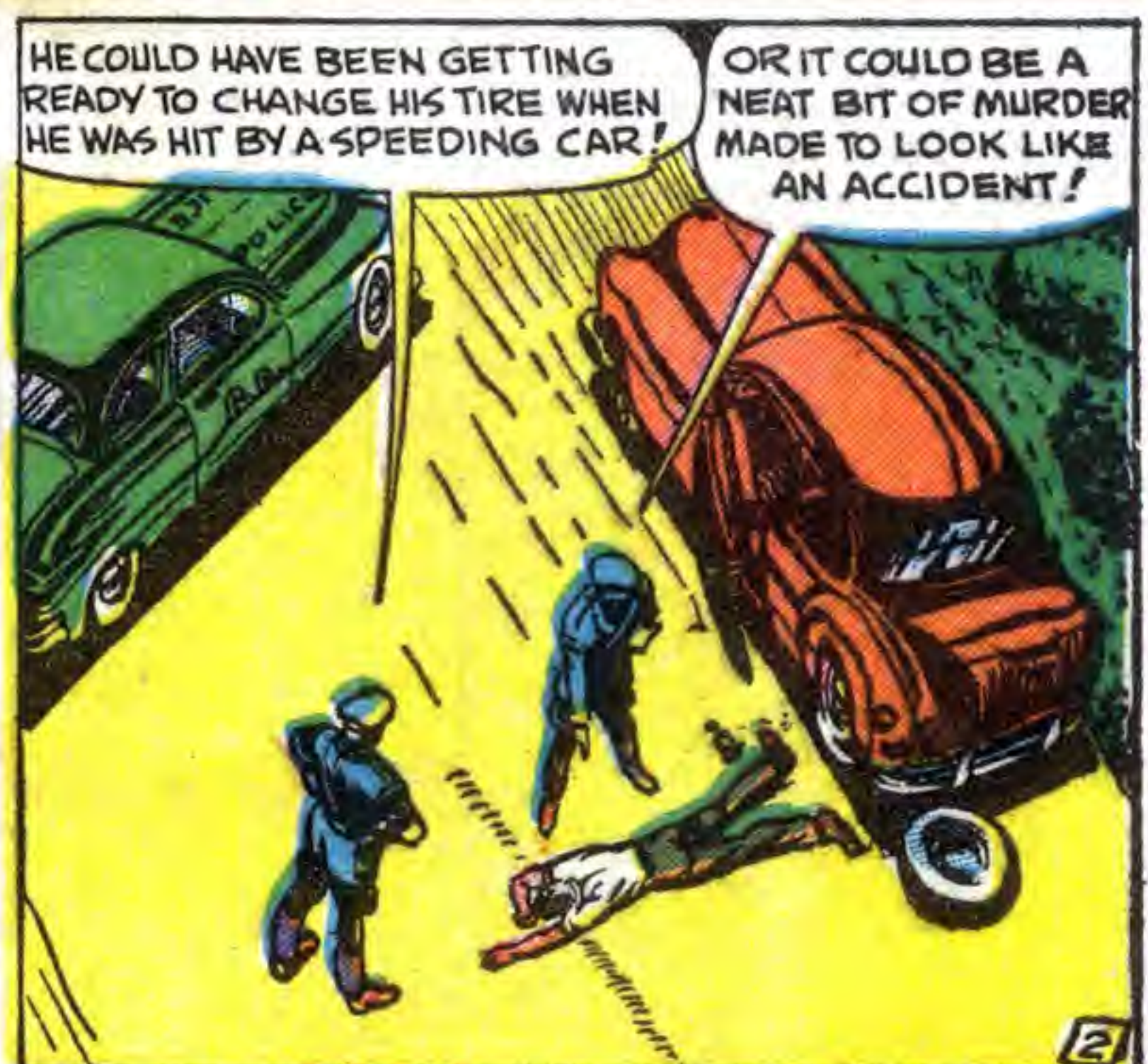
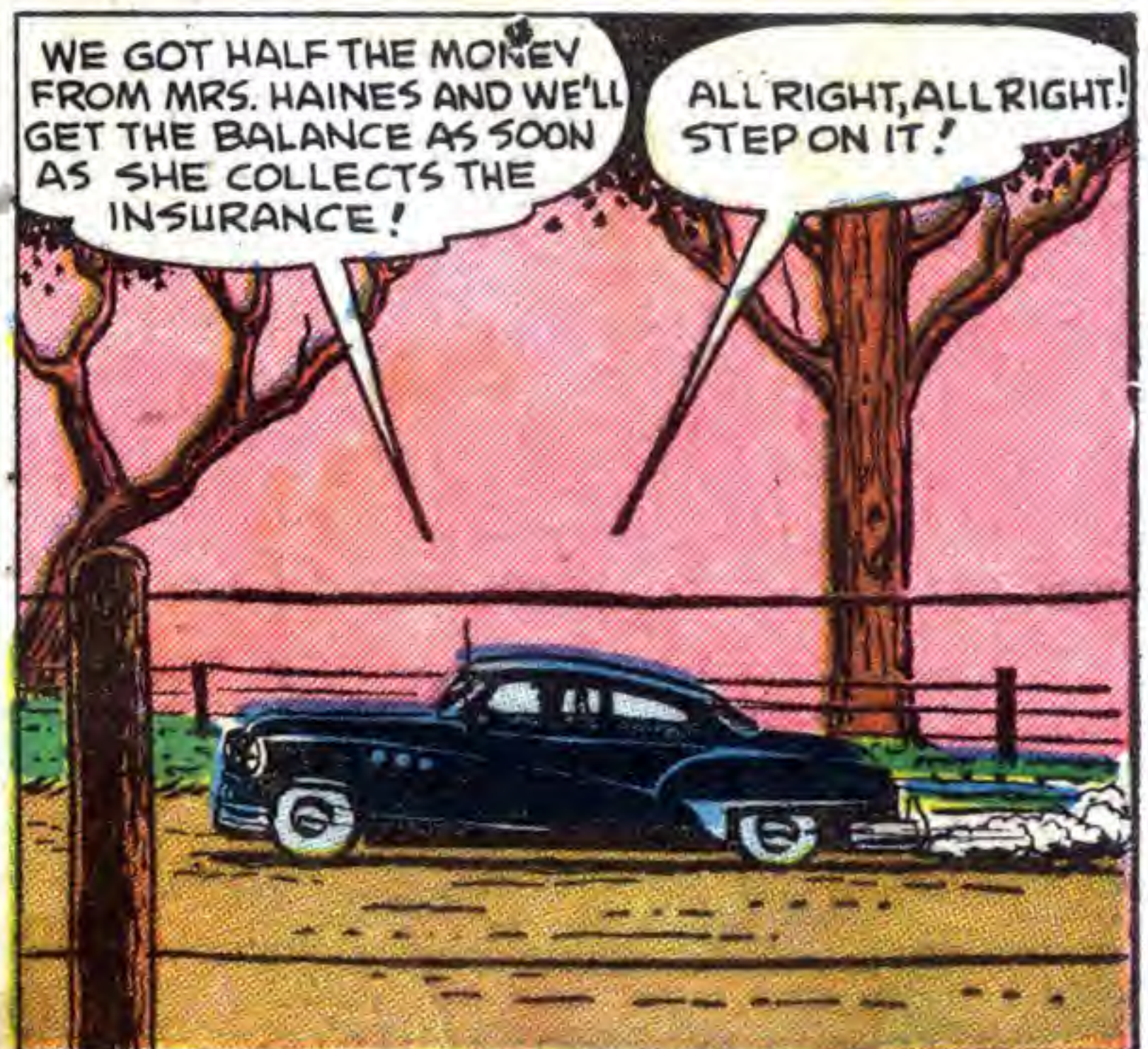


**ON THURSDAY EVENING, BILL HAINES, A SALESMAN LEAVES HIS HOME...**





# CRIME AND JUSTICE





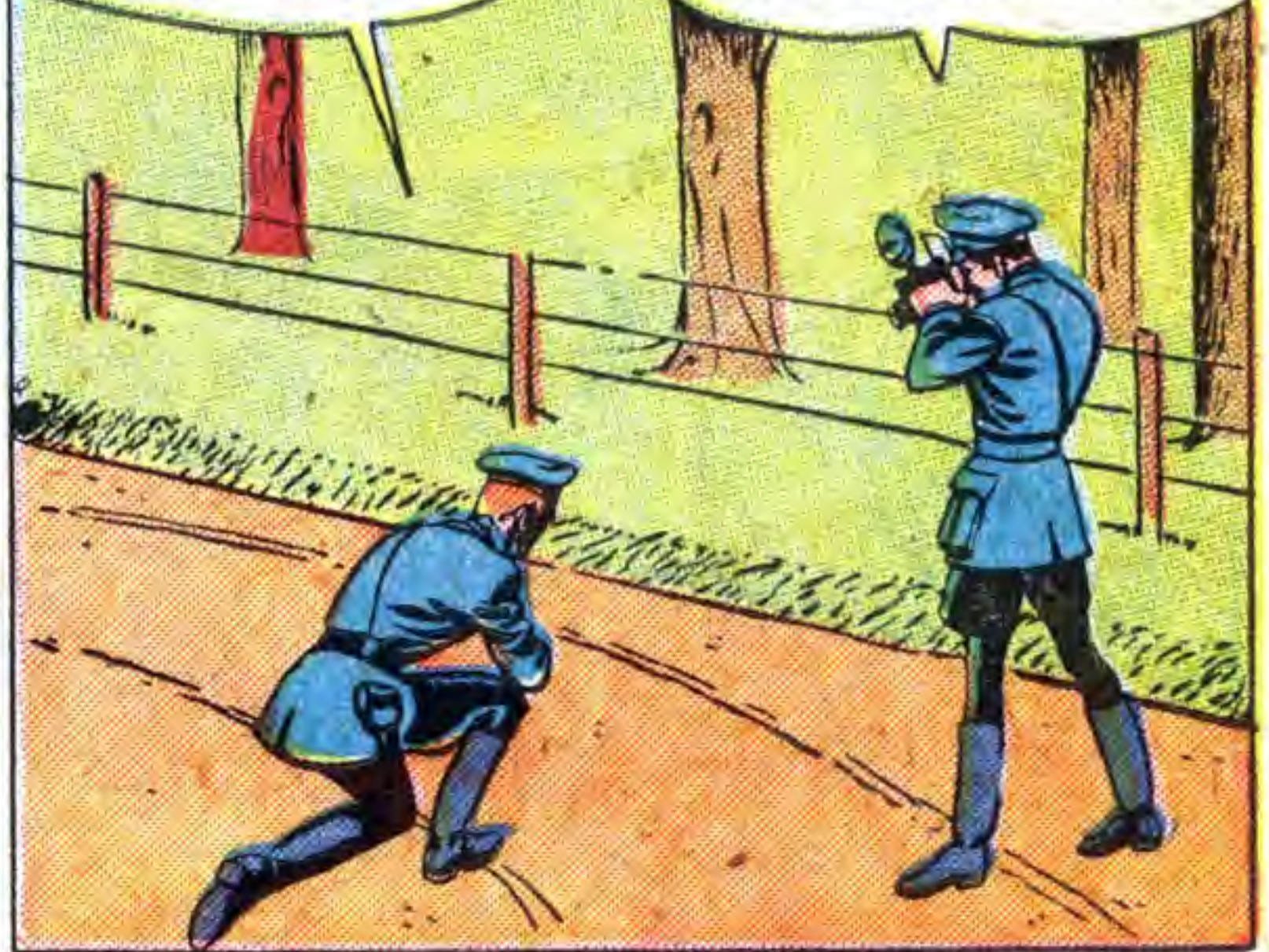
# CRIME AND JUSTICE

I'LL COVER THE BODY... THE MORGUE WAGON OUGHT TO BE HERE IN ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES!



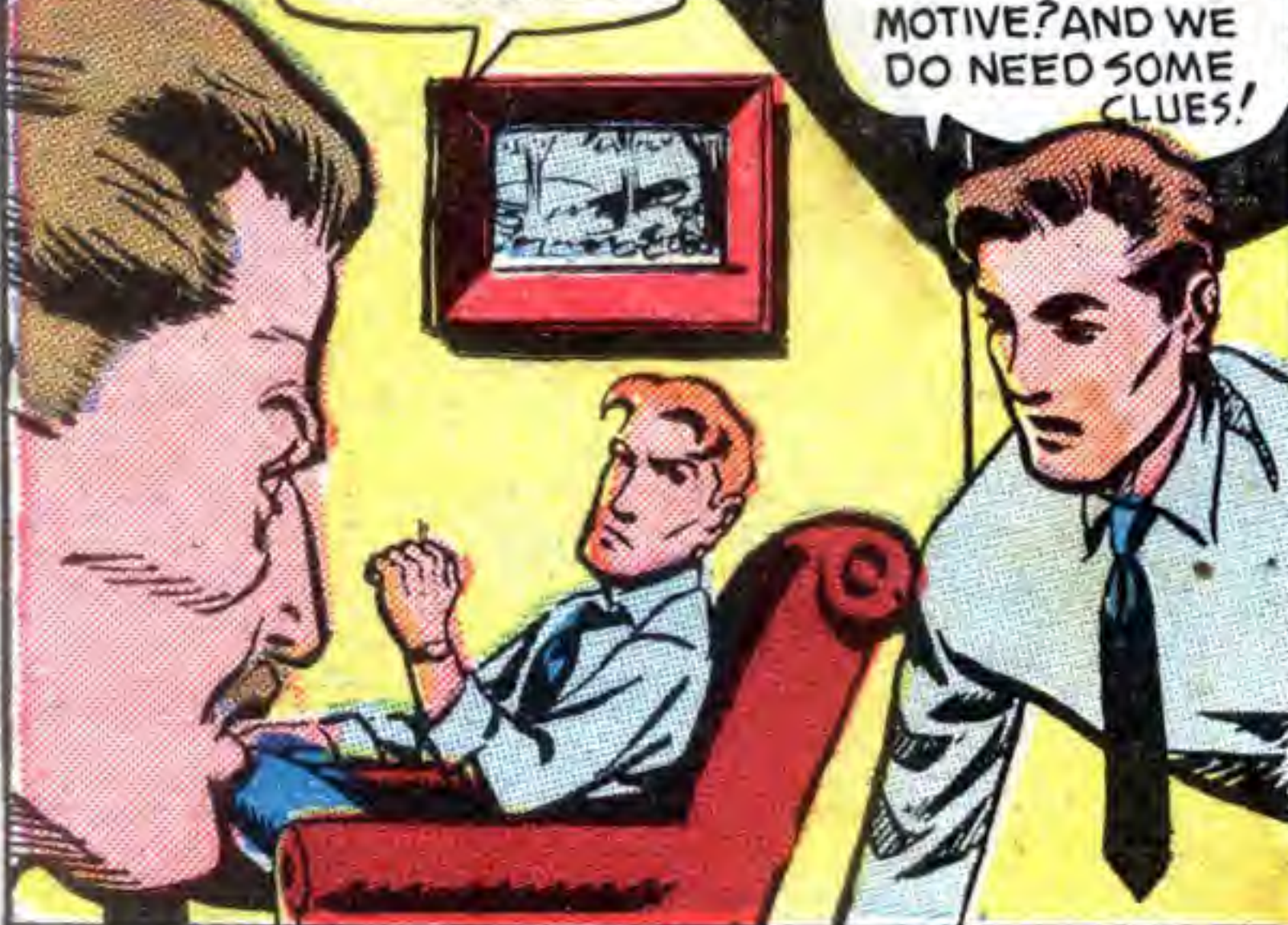
COME OVER HERE, TEX. LOOK AT THESE TIRE TRACKS AND SEE WHAT YOU MAKE OUT OF THEM!

I WOULD SAY OFF HAND IT LOOKS LIKE A RIDGE THREAD. USED ON HEAVY CARS!



I'LL SNAP IT NOW AND THEN MAKE A MOULAGE OF IT. IT MAY BE THE DEATH CAR. WHO KNOWS?

THE NEWSPAPERS ARE DEMANDING ACTION. THEY EVEN BLAME THIS ON THE FAULTY CARS... SAY THEY OUGHT TO TAKE THEM OFF THE ROAD!



YOU KNOW OUR OPINION, CHIEF. WE THINK IT COULD BE MURDER BUT WHAT'S THE MOTIVE? AND WE DO NEED SOME CLUES!

LABORATORY REPORT JUST CAME IN. FOUND SOME BLUE PAINT FROM THE FENDER ON HAINES' TROUSERS. SPECTROSCOPE ANALYSIS SHOWS IT'S THE TYPE USED ON DUCE SEDAN, 1949 MODEL!



NOW WE'VE GOT SOMETHING TO WORK ON.

IF THOSE GUYS WOULD ONLY GET A BIT CARELESS WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO GET THEM!



THEY SAY SUCCESS DOES MAKE A PERSON OR A CRIMINAL CARELESS. WE'VE JUST GOT TO CRUISE AROUND AND KEEP OUR EYES OPEN!

**W**ILBERT HENDRICKS LITTLE SUSPECTED DEATH WAS WAITING FOR HIM ON MAIN STREET...

ENOUGH SHOPPING FOR THE DAY, ELSA. I'M TIRED AND WE ARE GOING RIGHT HOME.



AND I THOUGHT YOU WANTED TO SEE A SHOW THIS EVENING!



# CRIME AND JUSTICE

I'LL GET THE CAR. I SHOULD HAVE PARKED IT ON THIS SIDE OF THE STREET. LIKE A FOOL I LISTENED TO YOU!

PLEASE, WILBERT, LET'S NOT ARGUE IN PUBLIC!



THERE HE IS, FRANK. LOOKS JUST AS THOUGH I HAD HIM DEAD TO CENTER WITH MY RIFLE. MURDER WITH A CAR IS CUTE!

NOW STEP ON THE ACCELERATOR! WOULDN'T HE BE SUPRISED IF HE KNEW WHAT HIS WIFE IS PAYING US FOR THIS JOB!



WILBERT... LOOK OUT!!!

AGH!



THAT CAR AIMED FOR HIM. I SAW IT ALL! THIS WAS MURDER. DONE IN A BIG CITY LIKE OURS!

WHAT HAPPENED HERE? MUST HAVE BEEN ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE HIT AND RUN DRIVERS!



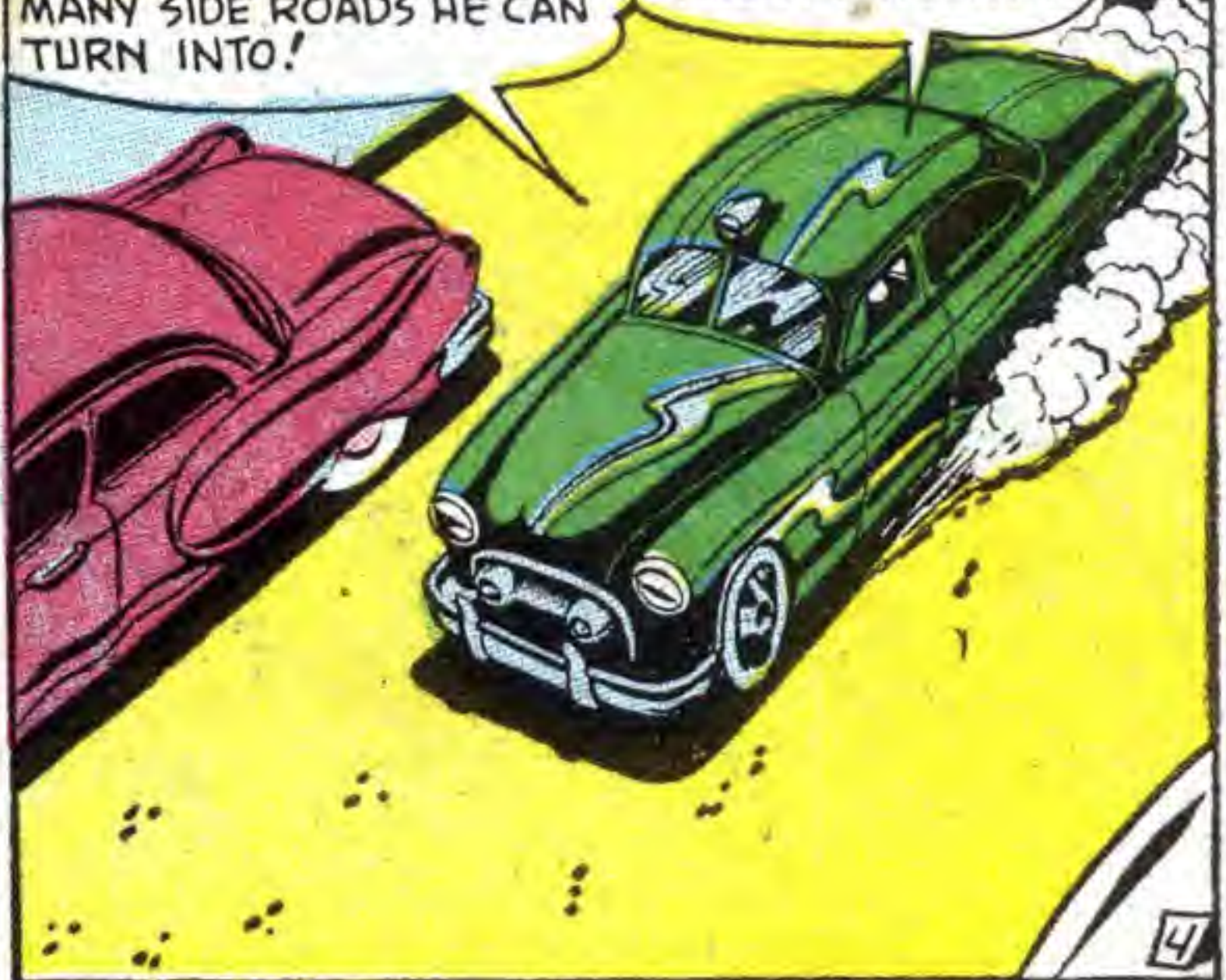
IT WAS A BLUE SEDAN. COLD MURDER. THEY WENT NORTH ON MAIN STREET!

HE'S DEAD, POOR FELLOW! HIS WIFE SAW IT ALL. THIS MAN SAW THE LICENSE!



THE CHASE WAS ON... HE MAY BE HEADED FOR THE HIGHWAY. THERE ARE MANY SIDE ROADS HE CAN TURN INTO!

I THINK I CAN SPOT THEIR CAR IN THE DISTANCE. GOT TO PUSH THIS CAR FOR ALL IT'S WORTH!

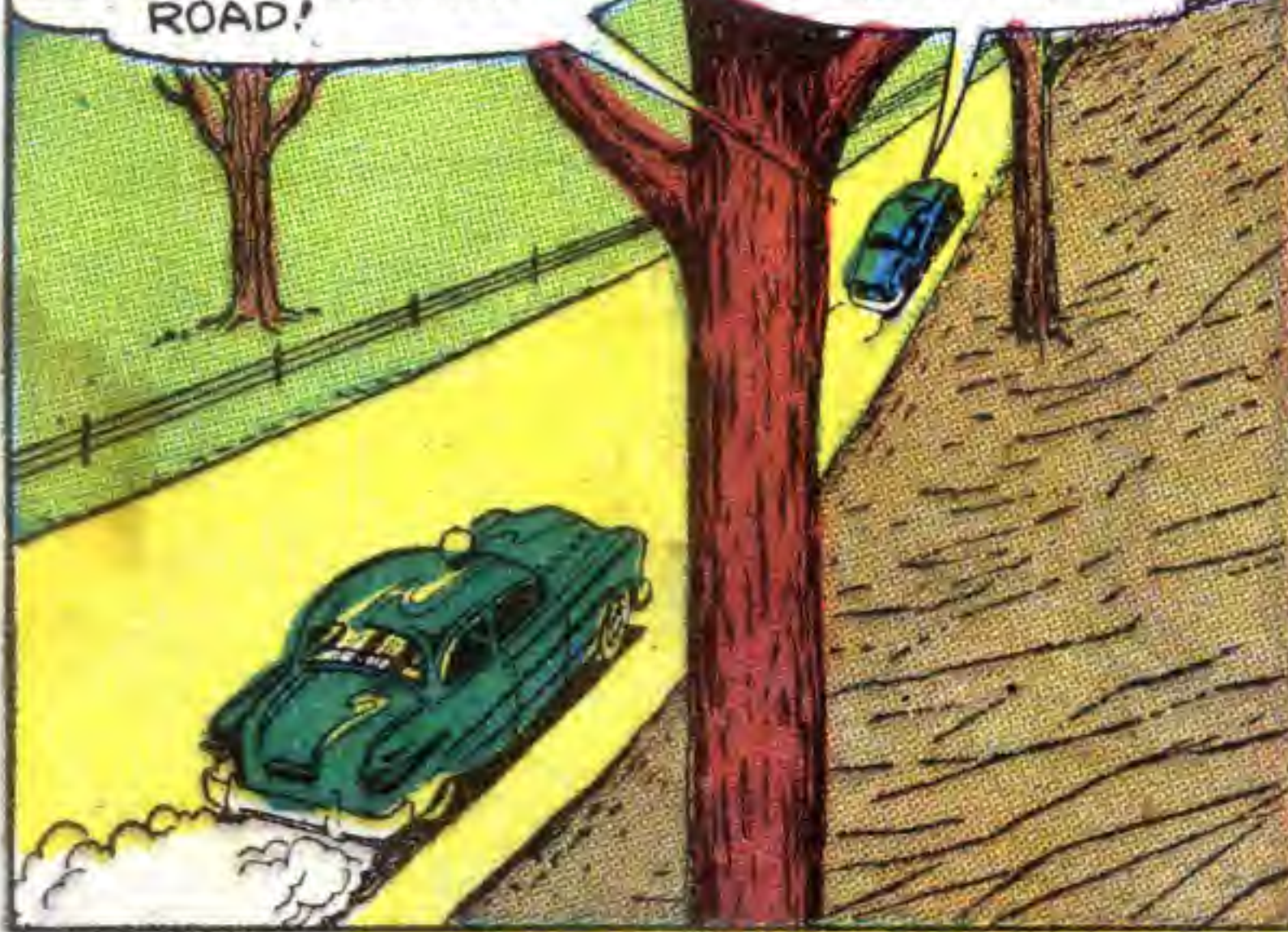




# CRIME AND JUSTICE

WHAT ROTTEN LUCK! THE RADIO PATROL HAD TO BE IN THAT NEIGHBORHOOD. THEY SHOULD HAVE BEEN OUT ON THE COUNTRY ROAD!

LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE GAINING ON US. GUESS I'LL HAVE TO USE MY HEATER AND VENTILATE THEIR TIRES.



THOSE FOOLS DON'T KNOW WE HAVE PUNCTURE PROOF TIRES ON OUR CAR. MAYBE I CAN HIT THEIR TIRES!

IF THEY OUTDISTANCE US THEN WE'LL NEED HELP. AND I AM GOING TO GET IT!



THIS IS RADIO PATROL CALLING HEADQUARTERS. COME ON IN... WE ARE CHASING MURDER CAR ON HIGHWAY 9. SET ROADBLOCK AT INTERSECTION 12... WE ARE GAINING.

I ALMOST GOT THEIR TIRES!



HE HIT OUR TIRE... I GOT TO KEEP CONTROL OF THIS CAR OR WE'LL SMASH UP... JUMP OUT...

LOOK OUT YOU FOOL. DON'T LET GO OF THAT WHEEL!



HURRY OUT, YOU DOPE, OR THEY'LL BE RIGHT ON TOP OF US. LET'S CLIMB UP THE HILL AND WE CAN MAKE A BREAK FOR IT!

MY RIGHT ARM... I THINK IT IS SMASHED... HELP ME OUT!



IF WE MAKE THE TOP OF THE HILL WE'VE GOT A GOOD CHANCE TO GET AWAY!

I NEVER FIGURED ON THIS! WE SHOULD HAVE HAD OUR TOMMY GUN WITH US!





# CRIME AND JUSTICE

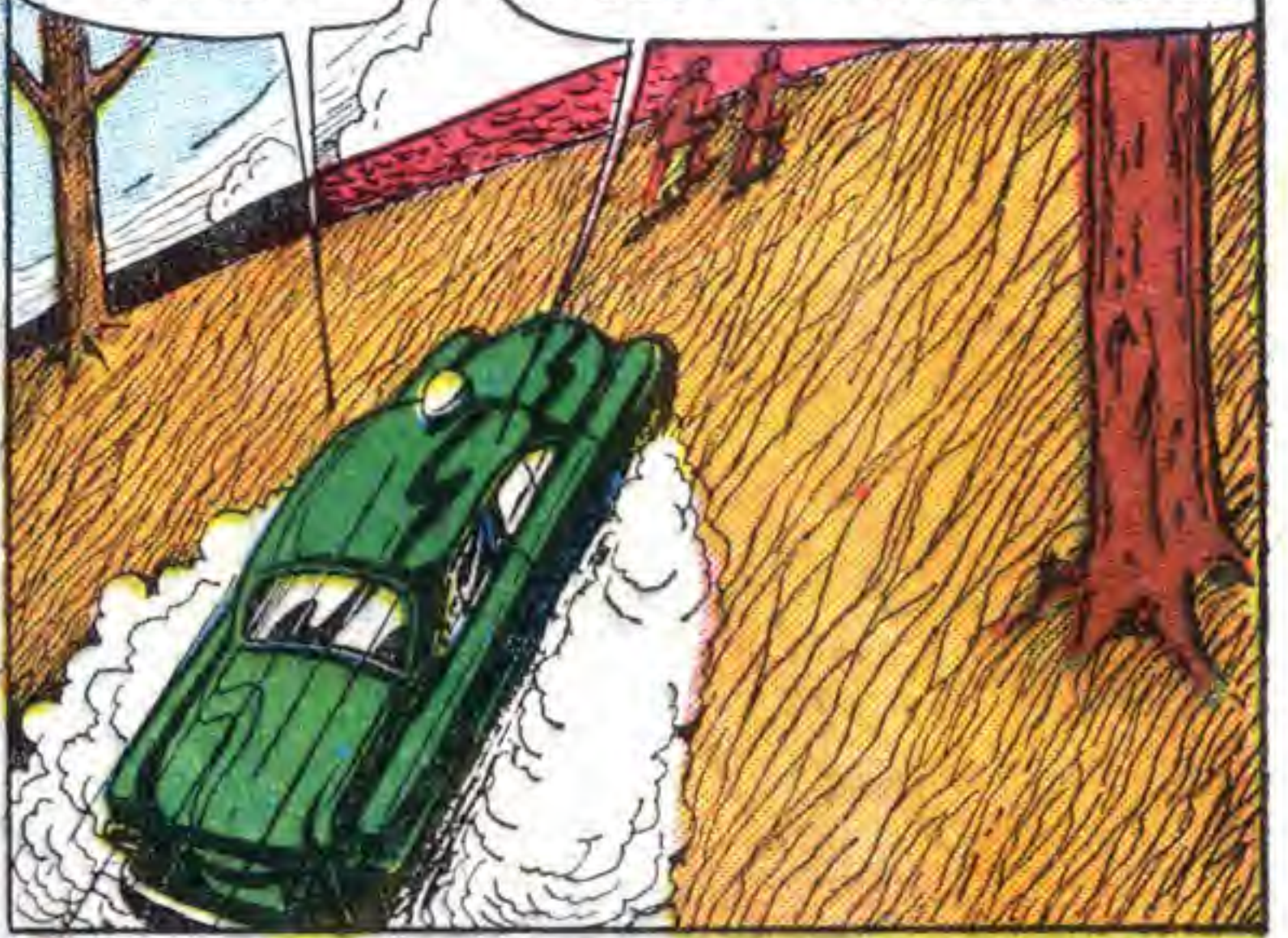
WE DON'T WANT TO KILL THEM IF POSSIBLE. YET IT LOOKS AS IF THEY ARE GOING TO GET AWAY ONCE THEY REACH THE TOP OF THE HILL!

BACK INTO THE CAR! IT ISN'T TOO STEEP A GRADE. WE CAN MAKE IT AND I'LL BET THEY GET THE SURPRISE OF THEIR LIVES!



IF WE FORCE THEM AGAINST THAT WALL THEN THEY EITHER HAVE TO SURRENDER OR FIGHT!

AND IF WE DRIVE STRAIGHT FOR THEM THEY OUGHT TO GET A GOOD SCARE. MIGHT MAKE THEM THINK THEY ARE GOING TO GET A DOSE OF THEIR OWN MEDICINE!



THE END OF THE TRAIL FOR YOU. NO FUNNY BUSINESS AND WE'RE GOING TO PUT THE CUFFS ON BOTH OF YOU!

WE THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO RUN US DOWN WITH YOUR CAR, COPPER. TAKE IT EASY WITH THAT GUN OF YOURS!



**A** CONCEALED GUN WENT INTO ACTION AND ITS LAST SHOT WENT WILD---

LOOK OUT, TEX!!!

WHY YOU... HA! IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE FIRED YOUR LAST SHOT!



DON'T MOVE AN INCH OR YOU'LL STOP LEAD. I THINK MY PARTNER CAN HANDLE YOUR BUDDY!

SO YOU WANT TO PLAY ROUGH EH? DON'T FORGET YOU CAN'T GET SEVEN SHOTS OUT OF A SIX SHOOTER!



WE'LL TAKE THEM RIGHT BACK TO HEADQUARTERS AND SEE IF THEY WANT TO TALK!

WE GOT NOTHIN' TO SAY, COPPERS. TAKE US FOR A FREE RIDE!





# CRIME AND JUSTICE

**A**T HEADQUARTERS THE TWO MEN WERE QUESTIONED...



THIS IS A PICTURE OF YOUR TIRE TREAD. IT WAS FOUND NEAR THE BODY OF HAINES!

SO WHAT? MAYBE WE LOANED OUR CAR TO A FRIEND. YEP I REMEMBER... PETE MALONEY FROM UTAH USED IT THAT DAY!



THIS MAN SWEARS HE SAW YOU DELIBERATELY DRIVE YOUR CAR INTO MR. HENDRICKS AND KILL HIM!

LET HIM HAVE HIS EYES EXAMINED! BET HE CAN'T EVEN RECOGNIZE HIS OLD MAN! THIS IS BEGINNING TO BORE ME!



YOU'RE GOING TO GET THE CHAIR, BOTH OF YOU. YET I'VE GOT A FEELING THERE WAS SOME MONEY MOTIVE BEHIND IT ALL. READY TO TALK?

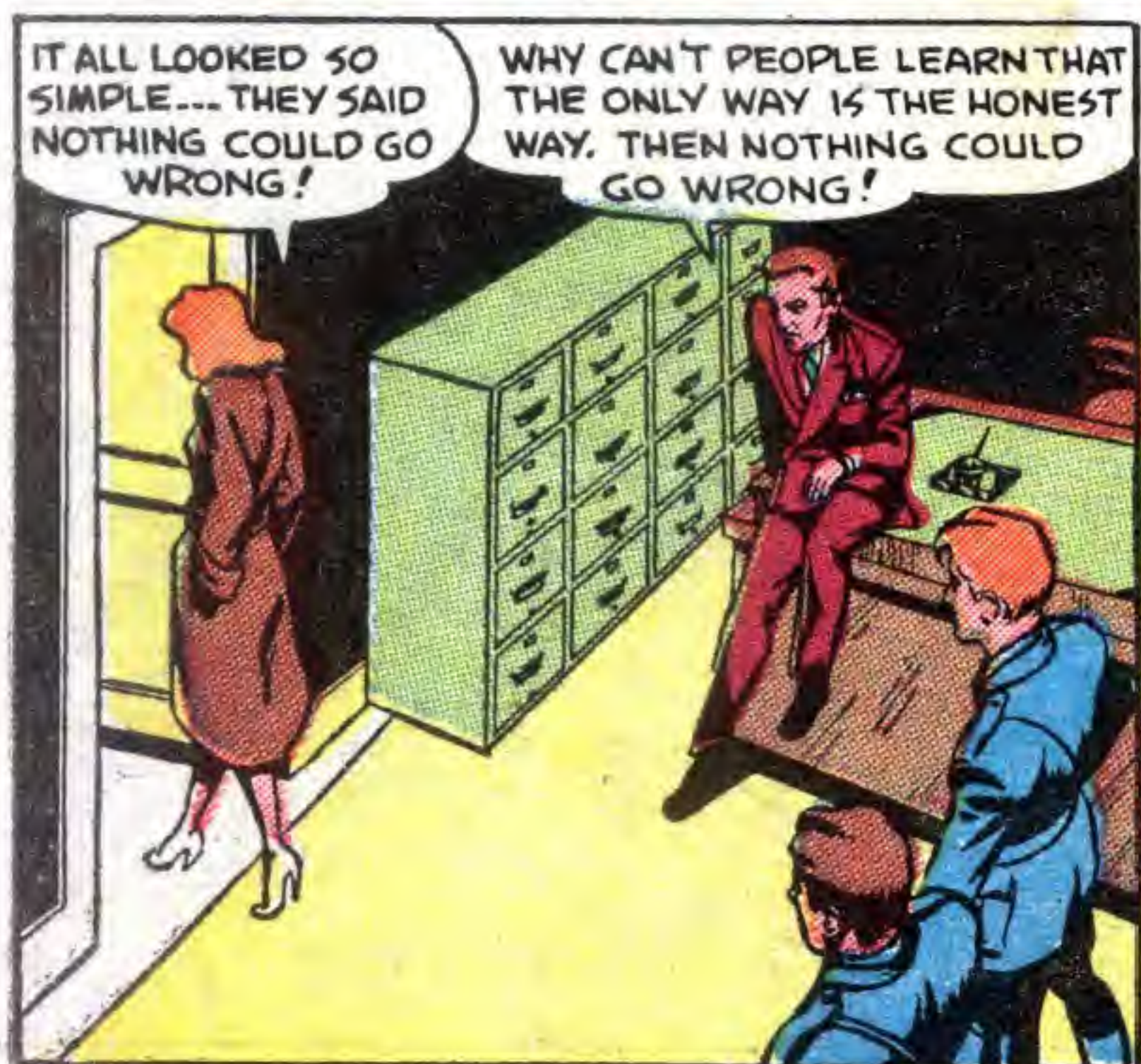
WHAT'S THE USE OF KID-ING OURSELVES. YOU TWO COPPERS DID A GOOD JOB AND PINCHED US. WE'RE NOT GOING TO BURN ALONE!

**T**HEY SAY WHEN RATS ARE CORNERED THEY WILL SQUEAL...



HERE ARE TWO OF THE WOMEN YOU ASKED US TO PICK UP. THE REST WILL BE PICKED UP LATER!

THEY PAID US TO GET RID OF THEIR HUSBANDS. HALF DOWN AND THE REST WHEN THEY COLLECTED THE INSURANCE. THEY'RE JUST AS GUILTY AS WE ARE!



IT ALL LOOKED SO SIMPLE... THEY SAID NOTHING COULD GO WRONG!

WHY CAN'T PEOPLE LEARN THAT THE ONLY WAY IS THE HONEST WAY. THEN NOTHING COULD GO WRONG!



YOU TWO DID A SWELL JOB WITH THIS SYNDICATE OF DEATH. THE D.A. HAS ALL THE STATEMENTS AND THE PAPERS ARE SATISFIED!

WONDER IF THIS IS TIME TO ASK FOR A WEEK'S VACATION. WE COULD DO SOME FISHING. KNOW OF A LITTLE LAKE WITH SOME TROUT IN IT!

**I**N THE NEXT ISSUE... ADVENTURE AND CRIME RIDE SIDE BY SIDE WITH THE **RADIO PATROL**...  
*The End.*



# CRIME TRACKERS



**E**XAMINATION OF HAIR IS IMPORTANT IN CRIMINAL INVESTIGATION. WHILE THE PHOTOGRAPHING OF A SINGLE HAIR WILL APPEAR LIKE A THIN LINE... IT WILL LOOK DIFFERENT WHEN MAGNIFIED... MICROSCOPIC EXAMINATION SHOWS GREAT DIFFERENCE IN STRUCTURE BETWEEN HAIRS.

**A**FTER STUDYING THE INNER STRUCTURE OF THE HAIR THE ANALYST LEARNS CONSIDERABLE ABOUT THE AGE OF AN INDIVIDUAL, WHETHER IT CAME FROM A WOMAN OR A MAN, HIS GENERAL BUILD, AND DOES IT COME FROM A CERTAIN PERSON...



**I**N ONE FAMOUS CASE DR. ALBERT SCHNEIDER, NOTED MICRO-ANALYST EXAMINED A SINGLE HAIR FOUND ON A SHIRT WHICH WAS DISCARDED BY A BURGLAR. HIS CONCLUSIONS, FROM THE EXAMINATION, WERE THAT THEY BELONGED TO A MAN ABOUT FIVE FEET NINE INCHES TALL POSSESSING LIGHT BROWN HAIR AND OF SLENDER BUILD, ALSO WEARING AN OLIVE DRAB SUIT. THE NEXT DAY A MAN ANSWERING THAT DESCRIPTION WAS PICKED UP...

**HE WAS THE RIGHT MAN!**

**A** SINGLE HAIR OF AN INDIVIDUAL BEARS THE STAMP OF ORIGIN. THERE ARE FOUR TYPES OF HAIR STRUCTURE. ① SHORT AND CRISP ② STRAIGHT AND COARSE ③ WAVY AND CRISP ④ FRIZZY-THICK AND BLACK.



## THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMICS



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# HOW JIMMY GOT HIS NEW BIKE!



HEY, GANG, THERE'S JIMMY WITH THE NEW BIKE HE'D BEEN SAVING FOR!

WONDER HOW HE SAVED THE MONEY?

LET'S GO ASK HIM!



IT WAS EASY TO SAVE MONEY WITH MY NEW **TELEVISION BANK!**

WHEN RELATIVES, NEIGHBORS AND FRIENDS VISITED, THEY ALL PUT COINS IN THE **TELEVISION BANK** TO SEE IT LIGHT UP!

IN JUST NO TIME, I SAVED ENOUGH MONEY TO BUY THIS NIFTY BIKE!



HEY KIDS! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

WE'RE GOING TO SEND IN OUR COUPONS FOR A **TELEVISION BANK!**



## LOTS OF FUN AND MONEY! WITH THIS **TELEVISION BANK**

**LIGHTS UP!**  
LIKE BIGGEST, COSTLIEST  
TELEVISION SETS!

- SHOWS BRILLIANT PICTURES IN FULL COLOR!
- HITS EVERY TELEVISION HIGH . . . FIGHTS AND ALL!
- THRILLS YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS POP-EYED!
- AND . . . MAKES YOUR SAVINGS MOUNT UP FAST!

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### LIGHTS UP THE INSTANT YOU DROP COIN!

Just insert a penny, nickel, dime or quarter into the slot on top. In a split second your spectacular Television Bank lights up—in a big, BIG way! The screen leaps into dazzling life with the brightest, clearest, pictures yet!

### TURN OF KNOB SHOWS NEXT EXCITING PICTURE!

After you've looked your admiring fill at one picture, just turn center knob for next thrill-packed "show". Light goes out automatically as new picture appears. To light new picture, bank another coin. SIX exciting pictures—a fight, a hilarious cartoon, a tense rodeo scene, a swell figure skater, a dramatic dance team and a circus clown with his trick dog!

### PUTS YOU "IN THE MONEY"—AND FAST!

Your savings pile up PLENTY FAST with this marvelous new Television Bank! Everyone wants to see all six pictures—your savings grow and grow by leaps and bounds!

### IT'S A HONEY IN EVERY DETAIL!

This sensational Television Bank is an exact miniature of the most expensive console models. Rich-looking mahogany finish with four simulated dials and speaker grille. 4 3/4" x 4" and ruggedly constructed. Will give you years of fun and big savings!



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Dept. CC3

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New York 2, N. Y.

Please rush me my TELEVISION BANK. I agree to pay postman \$1.98 plus few cents postage with understanding that if I am not delighted I may return bank in 5 days for full refund of purchase price.

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